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MOVING DAY.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY AUGUSTUS APPLEJACK, ESQ.

Go, Bridget, tell those horrid men
Be careful not to smash—
Oh, heavens! there's the crockery!
I know it by the crash.
Push along, rush along, don't get in the way—
Don't you see we're moving now, for this is moving day?

My parlor mirror's cracked across—
They've broken ev'ry chair—
They emptied out each bureau drawer
Before I was aware.
Push along, rush along, don't get in the way—
Don't you see we're moving now, for this is moving day?

Run, Bridget, see what means the noise!
What can they now be at?
'Tis nothing—only one of them
Has trod upon the cat.
Push along, rush along, don't get in the way—
Don't you see we're moving now, for this is moving day?

They tell me that they only charge
But fifty cents an hour—
They've left my sofa on the walk
In all this drenching shower.
Push along, rush along, don't get in the way,
Don't you see we're moving now, for this is moving day?

Run, Bridget, bid them hurry up!
I know I'll surely die—
I thought the babe was fast asleep
And now I hear it cry.
Push along, rush along, don't get in the way,
Don't you see we're moving now, for this is moving day?

Of silver that I only packed
This very day, at noon,
I find they've hooked a sugar-bowl,
A milk-pot, and a spoon.
Push along, rush along, don't get in the way,
Don't you see we're moving now, for this is moving day?

Among my handsome clothes they've placed
The nasty, greasy knives;
On such a day I wonder how
We ever save our lives.
Push along, rush along, don't get in the way,
Don't you see we're moving now, for this is moving day.

Thank goodness that the day is o'er!
We're in the house at last;
The time for breaking furniture
Has fled, is gone, is past.
Go to sleep! Go to sleep! On the floor we lay,
Glad to rest in any place on this—the moving day.

JOSEPHINE ORTON. COMEDIENNE. For Biographical Sketch see another column.

BURKE, THE SLOGGER;

OR,

THE DAUGHTER OF MIDNIGHT.

A TALE OF MYSTERIES OF CITY LIFE.

CHAPTER VI.

IN THE SNARE.

To you who are wealthy and rich, and live in a well-lighted, well-paved, open, healthy quarter of the town, the existence of such a tavern as that kept by old Mrs. Crowe must seem improbable—almost impossible. Yet such places do exist, and such neighborhoods as those I have described are yet to be found, in spite of the industrious efforts of sanitary commissioners spread over this modern Babylon—so many pest-spots upon the bright, smiling face of civilization. Should you doubt the truth of my description, go yourself and look at the places which I would picture to your imagination.

Plunge into those labyrinths of vile streets and alleys clustering round the Abbey's base. Thread street after street of tumble-down tenements; gaze yourself upon the faces of the population here residing. Note for yourself the wolfish glare in the eyes of some; the marks of violence upon the faces of some of the wofully forlorn and desolate-looking woman-kind. See for yourself whether there exists not, upon every side, the signs of grinding poverty, of bitter misery, of famine-prompted crime. Can you, then, wonder if, lost in such a place as this, and fallen among such savages, a man's life should be in some danger?

When the young flower-girl informed the stranger, in a low, thrilling voice, how he had fallen a victim to the old woman's treachery, what she said was perfectly true; and the two wretches who were plotting him ill were watching him while the girl talked, wondering, perhaps, what she was saying.

Obeying her commands, he did not raise his eyes to the place where the old woman and her accomplice stood. He affected to be engaged filling his pipe, and kept his countenance as well as he was able. Indeed, there was but little change in his face, save that, perhaps, it was a trifle paler than it was its wont to be.

There could be but very little doubt that he was a brave man.

He had exhibited far more than ordinary courage in engaging in a pugilistic contest with Burke, who had by no means the outward appearance of an insignificant foe, or one easily beaten.

After this, too, he had so readily consented to accompany his late antagonist down one of the most horribly cut-throat looking places that one could well find in one of the vilest of existing neighborhoods, and into a house presenting, it must be allowed, a very dangerous appearance.

He knew very well that he was running some considerable risk in entering this den of robbers, and yet he had not hesitated. He knew that it would not be wise to let those about him know that he was in the possession of any money, and yet had changed a sovereign to pay for the liquor he had ordered.

Had he done so out of bravado? It cannot exactly be said that he had; and yet he might have been tempted to turn over his pockets and seek for a piece of silver before he had exhibited his gold, had he not been utterly indifferent as to the impression the sight of it would make, and careless of the results, whatever they might be.

He was so strong, so vigorous, so full of life, that no idea of danger frightened him, and he did not even think of danger until it stared him in the face.

That it so stared at him now there could be no doubt. That the danger that threatened him was imminent was equally certain. That he must at once summon all his courage and firmness to his aid, and face it, he, however, felt to be absolutely necessary. What was to be done first?

"Don't fear for me, dear child," he said, for he saw that the girl trembled like a leaf; "don't fear for me. I have faced death a score of times and more, and never yet have flinched as I've looked at him at close quarters."

But the girl turned away her head, so that Burke and the old woman, who she well knew were watching her, could not observe her agitation, and wrung her hands in mute terror, while big tears slowly trickled down her cheeks.

"Oh, sir!" she said, in low but passionate tones, "tell me that you forgive me for having been the cause of all this. If you come to any harm, it will be I who am alone to blame."

"Pooh, pooh, child! you had nothing to do with it."

"But if it had not been for your taking my part with that cruel man, you would never have come here. If I had only my wits about me, I might have prevented you drinking that fatal draught."

The stranger was silent for a short time. He appeared to be thinking. Then he spoke in a hurried tone.

"There can be no time to lose," he said. "I should think, if they intend to rob and murder me, they will not do it while all these people are here. They will wait till the drug takes effect."

"Do you begin to feel sleepy?"

"Not yet. I shall though, I suppose, directly. But I may yet have time to escape. I shall get up, and prepare to leave the house. I don't think that they will dare to stop me, if I can walk out."

"Stay!" cried the girl, in great excitement; "do not do that! I know of a better and a safer way. Say that you will sleep here, and ask my mother for a room."

"Well?"

"The room my mother lets out sometimes to a traveler has a window looking into the back yard. You can easily get down over the roof of the wash-house, then over the wall into a passage leading into the next street."

"But still it seems to me that the best and most straightforward way would be to tell them now in plain terms that I mean to go."

"No, no!" the girl entreated; "you do not know them; they would not let you do so."

"They would not try to attack me before a room full of people?"

"I think they would set upon and beat you. I am sure they would; and all these men would help them!"

"It shall be as you say, then; only be quick, for we don't know how soon the drug may act. Go at once, and say I want to bed."

The girl did as she was told, and the old woman and Burke, after consulting together for a few moments, ordered the girl to tell the gentleman that the room was ready when he liked.

"Shall I show him which is the room, mother, said the girl?"

"No," the old woman said abruptly: "I will light the gentleman up-stairs. You go and look after the supper."

"Stay," said Burke, as she was moving in the direction of the fire where the stranger sat. "Did you get anything out of him?"

"He wouldn't tell me anything."

"Nothing?"

"No."

"He was talking to you, though. Did he say what he was?"

"He said he was a poor mechanic out of work."

"Did he? I don't believe him, then. Here, you come down with me to the cellar; your mother wants me to have a look at one of the barrels that's been leaking."

The girl seemed disinclined to obey, but her mother ordered her to do so, and she followed the ruffian out of the room, casting a long, lingering glance at the stranger, whose life appeared to her to hang by a thread.

Burke, meanwhile whistling a tune, walked down stairs to the cellar, and motioning her to step inside, made room for her to pass, but no sooner had she done so, than the ruffian banged too the door and turned the key.

"Don't make any noise," he growled through the keyhole, "or I'll half murder you. Don't let us hear the sound of your voice above a wisper, or we'll come down to you."

And then, as he retraced his steps up-stairs, he muttered to himself—"That's more than half the battle. We should have had the deuce knows what trouble to knock him on the head if she had been there to bother us, and I don't like hurting the girl. I was very sorry to have to do it before this evening, but really she was too provoking."

When he reached the ground-floor, the old woman was just descending from the first floor, and he met her at the bottom of the stairs.

"Have you put him in a room?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Did you lock him in?"

"Yes."

"He didn't hear you?"

"I don't think so."

"Suppose you clear the house, then. I've locked up the girl. There'll be nobody to disturb us."

It was not always the easiest matter in the world for Mrs. Crowe to get rid of the drunken roysterers when she wanted to shut up the house, but it was managed somehow, with Burke's assistance, and the whole company tumbled out into the street, where they howled and danced for a while and finally dispersed.

Then, when the street appeared to be quite quiet, Burke peeped out of the door to reconnoitre, while the old woman, creeping noiselessly up-stairs, listened at the door of their guest. Was he asleep yet?

She listened, but could hear no sound.

Had he escaped?

When the old woman showed him up to his room she had bidden him good night with the sweetest smile at her command, which was, at best, but a hideous leer, and wished him a good night's rest.

Then, shutting the door, she hobbled away for a few yards, returned on tip-toe, and turned the key noiselessly in the lock. Left to himself, the stranger waited until he heard the woman descending the stairs, then hastily tried the door. He was not surprised to find it locked. It only proved that matters were really as serious as he supposed them to be.

The next thing now was to try the window. He approached it, and drew up the blind, and peered through the panes; it was strongly protected by iron bars, and looked, not upon the back yard, but upon the street.

The sight, though, gave him hope. If a stray policeman should happen to wander down into the vile labyrinth, he might call to him for help. But there was little chance of that, he thought, the next moment, and his heart sank within him. How was it, too, that the girl had deceived him about the situation of the room? Had it not been at her persuasion he would never have come up-stairs.

He was trapped—he was doomed! Unless help arrived almost immediately, there would be no hope for him; for even now he fancied that a curious sensation was creeping over him, which was doubtlessly the effects of the drug which had been administered to him. Yes; there could be no mistake. His brain throbbed—he felt his eyes growing dull and heavy.

He was sinking to sleep. He was falling into a slumber from which there would be no awakening. He was doomed!

CHAPTER VII.

THE SLEEPING DRAUGHT.

Waiting for death! Weak and helpless—powerless—unarmed. To feel the stupifying, benumbed influence of the insidious drug creeping stealthily, but surely, over his frame. To know that when he should have succumbed to its intoxicating power there would be no hope for him, and the wretches who sought his destruction would have him completely at their mercy.

The situation was an awful one. There is ten times less terror in the approach of death which comes after long sickness and ailing than in those awful last hours when the strong man, full of health and vigor, in the pride of manhood, in the prime of life, lies waiting for the terrible moment to arrive when he is to be dragged forth from his cell, and die a dog's death at the hangman's hands.

In almost a similar situation as regarded his own helplessness and hopelessness, and the certainty of the doom which awaited him, was this man who had voluntarily entered Mrs. Crowe's den of robbers, and who expected every moment to hear the stairs creek beneath the assassin's feet, and see the deadly glitter of the murderous knife.

When he had tried the door and found it locked, and that it would be anything but an easy task to force it open, even if he possessed any implement with which he could make the attempt—when he found that escape by the window was quite impracticable, owing to the number and strength of the iron bars, he gave himself up for lost. Yes; it appeared to him that there was no chance of life left him. The game was played out. His last picture-card had been taken from him. He had nothing in his hand. His temples were throbbing violently. Excruciating pains darted through his head.

He felt so giddy and so deadly sick, that, after casting a hasty glance round him to reconnoitre his position, he made a plunge across the room in the hope of reaching a chair. Somehow or other, however, he caught his foot against one of the bed-posts, and fell heavily to the ground; then, in mortal terror lest the noise which he had made should lead the people below to think that the time had come, and that the drug had already taken effect, he strove to regain his feet. To do so, he stretched out his arm and grasped the heavy bed hangings. But the rotten fabric—rotten with age and damp—gave way beneath his touch with a screeching rent, and, losing his balance again, after a frantic but futile effort to gain an upright position, fell once more heavily to the ground.

Next moment he was seized with a violent fit of vomiting which seemed almost to tear him to pieces, and left him, when the attack had passed away, as weak and helpless as a child. He lay prone and powerless. Caring not what befel him, with no thought save for his present sufferings—wishing himself dead. And thus the time passed slowly away. But the acute pain in his head gradually abating, he was able, after awhile, slowly and painfully to open his eyes. Then to raise himself upon his elbow. Then, with a giddy, bewildered, half-drunken stare, he gazed about him, scarcely knowing where he was, how he came there, what he was expecting. But though his head yet ached intolerably, he found, after a struggle or two, that he was able to get upon his legs.

He stood holding on by the bed-post and swaying heavily to and fro, like the sail of a ship blown backwards and forwards by the wind.

An almost overwhelming desire, which required all his strength of mind to combat and resist, seized upon him and dragged him towards the bed.

But he felt that if he were to lay down he must inevitably sleep, and if he slept it would be the sleep of death.

No; his only chance was to keep awake. He thought if he could only have bathed his head in cold water! If he could have had a drink of cold refreshing water it might have set him all right again.

He staggered across the room and clutched at the water-jug, but it was empty.

If he could open the window and get a little fresh air! The room seemed stifling hot. The atmosphere was thick and close. He thought he would have given the world to feel the cool night air fanning his fevered face, but the window appeared not to be made to open, and after struggling ineffectually with it, he gave up the idea as hopeless.

He might have broken a pane and so got a mouthful of air, it is true, but he did not dare to do this, thinking that the noise might be heard below.

Going back to his chair, he seated himself again and tried to collect his scattered thoughts. His brain was gradually clearing, the feeling of sickness deserting him, and he felt that had he not fallen, and had his fall not led to his being sick, the drug must have overcome him long ago. The question was, had the stupor passed away, or was it again stealing upon him, slowly but surely? He felt very weak yet, and very giddy, but still he thought that he was mending. He felt that he would be able to struggle with them for his life when they came had he only some weapon which he could use in his defence.

"What a fool I am!" he said to himself, with a faint smile; "that physic has taken away all my wits!" and he began to feel about in his pockets; at first carelessly, then in great agitation and anxiety.

After a while he paused in his search, and leaning back in his chair, passed his hand wearily across his brow, and appeared to ponder deeply.

"Yes!" he exclaimed at last, "I will stake my life on it. I had the revolver with me to-night—what has become of it?"

He felt in his pockets again, and did his best to remember, but in vain.

"Could I have dropped it under the archway when I was fighting that fellow?" he thought. "No, I know I did not do that, because I had it in my pocket when I came into this house. I remember feeling it. There's only one way it could have gone."

He thought that the young girl had, somehow or other, picked his pocket of it. He was quite convinced that she had lured him up stairs so that his murder might be the more easily effected. Most likely she had robbed him of the means of defence. What could be more probable? But this was not the case, although he was doomed not to discover the cause of the loss of his revolver. The fact is, it had been jerked out of his pocket by his fall, and lay just underneath the valance of the bed, hidden from his sight. But it never occurred to him that it might have thus fallen. Had he found it the day would have been his, and he might easily have set his enemies at defiance; but he never cast his eyes upon the floor in the direction where it had fallen, but looked about everywhere else for something which might serve him in its stead.

Perhaps there was a poker, he thought, but on looking he found that there were no fire-irons in the room. There was a cupboard though, and something might be in that? No.

Could he wrench a leg off a chair or a table? The furniture was very strong, solid, and old-fashioned. He could not manage such a thing without making a good deal of noise. What could he have, then? What must he make use of?

But while he was staring hopelessly around him, the candle flickered and sputtered for a moment, and went suddenly out.

For a moment he was left in pitchy darkness. Then, advancing towards the window, he drew up the blind again, which had fallen down since he last looked out into the street, and the light from a lamp opposite streamed into the room, throwing a ghostly tint upon surrounding objects, and casting quaint and fantastic shadows, huge and terrible, upon the walls and ceiling, every one bearing the semblance of some half-hidden foe, lying in wait, and crouching ready to take a murderous spring.

The street door, down below, was thrown open at this moment, and the drunken roysterers came noisily swaggering out into the street. He listened to their talking.

"Shutting up early to-night, ain't she?"

"Seems to me she is."

"What's it for, Jack, eh?"

"Something wrong afloat, I'll lay my life on it."

"Praps she don't care about our custom."

"Praps she don't, and she won't have mine again yet awhile."

"No; there's lots of other houses where you can get as well served, where they stops open as late."

"Oh, she don't want us, that's what it is. We're in the way."

"Burke has stopped behind, though!"

"Ah, Burke is left!"

"What's he about, do you suppose?"

"No good, you may be sworn."

"They're going to murder that unfortunate little girl, may be. The old woman's a perfect ogress to her."

"That's not likely, though, because they say she's to be Burke's wife."

"I wish her joy of him!"

"By Jove, I'd almost as soon, myself, marry the hangman!"

"I'll tell you what it is, though, they're going to do!"

"What's that?"

"Don't bawl so, man!"

"Well?"

"You saw that foreign-looking man?"

One of the party broke out at that juncture into a drunken, roaring chorus, drowning the speaker's voice, so that the listener could not hear the conclusion of the sentence.

And, presently, all the rest fell singing and bawling the same ditty; and, after a little rough, boorish gambolling, separated and dispersed, and were heard still howling a quarter of a mile off.

Below, the house was very quiet; and after the departure of the roysterers there was no sound audible for some time within or without.

Then the street door opened very quietly, and the listener could hear a footstep upon the pavement.

It was Burke, who had gone out to the door to reconnoitre. The stranger almost hoped that he was going to leave the house. If only the old woman were left, he thought he would force the door down, and make for the street. Even with two people to oppose him he felt inclined to risk it. But were there only two? Had not some of the others stopped behind? How did he know? No; the time for action had not arrived. He must wait patiently and listen. He heard the door close; then footsteps approach in the street, and then a low whistle.

But the people within the house did not respond to this summons, and presently the new comers, after a little muttered grumbling, took themselves off, and all was again quiet.

Yes, all was quiet—as quiet as the grave. The stranger left the window and approached the door. Then placing his ear against the keyhole, he listened intently. How awfully still it was below! It seemed like the lull which precedes a tempest. Presently the storm would burst forth with all its fury. What were they doing now? he asked himself. Where were they? Were they sharpening the murderous knife? Were they creeping noiselessly up the stairs?

The door opened on to the bed, so that the person entering the room could see the bed at once. Would it not be in bed that they would expect to find him? Had he not better draw the curtains across, so that from the door they would be unable to ascertain whether he was there without approaching close to the bed to look in? If he did this, he would be able, perhaps, to make a rush down stairs and escape? He would try it.

He stepped as noiselessly as possible across the floor, so that the sound of his foot-falls should not reach the ears of those who were probably listening below.

Then, very cautiously he drew the curtains together, and stealing back again, took his place where, when the door opened, he would be hidden from the view of the person entering the room.

And now he again applied himself to his task of listening.

Listening intently, anxiously, with bated breath, and a heart, the violent throbbing of which seemed to him to be plainly audible.

And now, at last, he heard a faint whispering below, and then a stealthy step upon the stairs.

Creak—creak!

* * * * * * * * *

In the meanwhile, what were the thoughts which agitated the bosom of the poor girl immured in the cellar? Was she not the innocent cause of the stranger's coming into this place. What was to be his fate? Had he escaped in the way she had suggested? She fervently hoped that such might be the case; yet, somehow, her heart misgave her.

The time passed so slowly down there in the darkness of the cellar in which she was a prisoner. She could form no calculation as to the length of time which had elapsed since the stranger had gone to bed. For all she knew, her mother and her infamous accomplice might even now have murdered him. It seemed so horrible, so incredibly horrible, that she should meditate the commission of such a crime. Yet well did she know what a powerful temptation gold was to the avaricious old woman.

And this street-brawler, this professed bully, would he be overscrupulous?

Slowly—oh, how slowly passed the time! Every moment seemed lengthened into a minute; every minute into a quarter of an hour. Her eyes ached from straining hopelessly into the black darkness pressing upon her from all sides. She long ago had heard the guests above departing. The street without was still as death; the house within was quiet as a grave. Who knows? Perhaps by this time it was a grave!

There seemed to be a horrible stillness in the air which boded evil—which seemed to proclaim the existence of murder. Yes, surely the horrid deed must have been perpetrated, and her mother and her accomplice were at this moment counting over their ill-gotten gains.

The poor girl, trembling with the terrors of her own excited brain, conjured up a terrible picture of the two robbers, male and female, with their heads close together, whispering over the dead man's gold.

Slowly—oh, so slowly the moments ebbed away! And with them, perhaps, the yet unconscious victim drew nearer and nearer to his doom.

In silent terror the imprisoned girl waited and listened.

Listened, dreading to hear the shriek of the victim.

Listened—listened, motionless as a statue.

* * * * * * * *

But the time had not yet arrived. The customers all having departed, the house being deserted, the would-be assassins, left to themselves, still hesitated. Had the drug done its work? Could they safely venture up stairs?

Burke had not told the particulars of his fight to the old woman. He had given it as his opinion, in a careless kind of way, that the stranger was a roughish customer to deal with. But he had been afraid of alarming her too much by telling her what a rough and tough customer he believed him to be.

"Come, now!" the old woman murmured impatiently, seeing that he still lingered after he had returned from the door with the information that the persons who wished for admittance had gone away. "Come, now, what are we waiting for?"

"Nothing; only——"

"Only what?"

"Do you think he's asleep?"

"I'm very much mistaken if he isn't sleeping so sound that the cold steel itself will hardly disturb him."

"No?"

"We'll try, at any rate!" said the old hag, with a hideous chuckle—"we'll try!"

Burke opened the door leading to the stairs very cautiously, and listened upon the first step.

"Do you hear anything stirring?" the old woman asked.

"No."

"Go on, then!"

"Don't be in such a hurry!"

"What are you afraid of, man?"

"Afraid of?"

"Yes. If you weren't afraid, why should you hang back?"

"If he isn't asleep?"

"He's sure to be asleep, I tell you."

"Well, you've a lighter foot than I have; suppose you go up and listen."

They were standing close together while this whispered dialogue took place, their heads nearly touching. The candle which Burke held in his hand threw a bright light upon his swollen and disfigured features, rendered ten times more ugly than usual by the effects of the chastisement he had received; the light also falling upon the wrinkled face of the old woman, whose toothless jaws and bleary eyes gave to her hideous countenance the appearance of some antiquated ape.

Two uglier or more evil-looking faces would have been difficult to imagine. Two beings more cruel, remorseless, pitiless, it would have been impossible to have found. Their eyes, as they talked, wandered over each other's features, and it would have been difficult to say which of the two saw the ugliest sight.

After a long hard stare, in which the old woman seemed as though she were endeavoring to read her companion's inmost thoughts, she snatched the candle from his hand.

"You say you think he has money in his possession?" she said.

"I feel certain of it."

"Yes, [illegible] robbing, then?"

"And murdering, if needs be?"

"Yes."

"Give me the knife!"

"But stay!"

"Speak lower, for fear of accidents. What do you want?"

"You won't—you won't be violent if there is no occasion?"

"Why should I?"

"No, to be sure, there would be nothing gained by it, you know; and so, of course, you won't?"

"What a coward you are! I declare you're trembling like a girl!"

"I don't much care for these jobs, I confess," said the man, wiping his hand across his cold, clammy brow.

"Who suggested it?" asked the woman. "Did not you?"

"Well, yes, I did at first; but when I come to think of it——"

"When the danger comes you would back out of it?"

"I did not say that; only, if he should not have any money about him——"

"But you say you think he has?"

"Yes, I think; but what are thoughts worth? Suppose he hasn't?"

"It will be a pity, but it can't be helped."

"Let us have some brandy!"

"No!" replied the old woman, with a gesture of contempt; "I can do it without brandy, and without your assistance!"

"You daren't!"

"Try me!"

"Mind, if he is asleep you won't harm him?"

"Give me the knife!"

"But—but——"

"Give me the knife, and do you stop here!"

"But—but——"

"But what?"

"Can you manage alone—are you sure?"

"Yes, wait where you are; I shall do it all in a few moments!"

"Don't be rash, then—don't make a noise!"

"Trust me! I'll make no more noise than the dead—no more noise than he'll make presently!"

She leered at him hideously, and clutching the knife, crept noiselessly up the stairs.

CHAPTER VIII.

UPON THE BRINK OF DISCOVERY.

The situation in which I left Sampson and his jackdaw was, it must be confessed, a critical one. The old Jew was not a man to be trifled with, and Sampson knew this to his sorrow. He knew very well that if the Jew were to catch him doing what he was doing, that most likely, half an hour afterwards, he would not have a couple of whole bones in his skin. Mr. Solomon was not a man to be played tricks upon—to be thwarted or played false to with impunity. What would be the probable results of discovery should he be discovered?

The boy trembled as he reflected. The first result would be, most undoubtedly, the breaking of his bones. The second, the slaughter of the jackdaw. And it was this latter event which filled the boy's heart with the most alarm.

He was used to being beaten, and could wriggle in such a way as to avoid half the force of the blow dealt at him in the same way that a prize figuter sometimes, giving way, goes down easily under the weight of his antagonist's fist without being much bruised or shaken.

But the bird? If he were found there by the old Jew, opening his desk, and purloining his private papers, what fate could he expect?

And he was such a venturesome bird!—such a reckless bird!—a bird in whose breast fear was an unknown sentiment. What did he know of or care for Solomon? poor feathered innocent!

He had spent the best part of his life under a sink, and knew nothing of society—knew nothing of life—nothing of the pitfalls and dangers which lie in the path of Jacks, feathered or otherwise. He was a young bird, and had been brought up alone, therefore he had not had the benefit of the experience of elderly jackdaws to guide him. The boy had found him, very forlorn and friendless, on a piece of waste land to be let for building purposes. He was then in the hands of a couple of inhuman lads, who had endeavored, vainly, to doctor him for some complaint to which jackdaws in their infancy are subject to, and who had made up their minds to starve him to death. But the boy had bribed them with sixpence to forbear from this fell purpose, and the bird was handed over to its new owner, very muddy and hungry—very thin and sickly—apparently at its last gasp. He took it home, however, and made it as warm and comfortable as circumstances would admit of underneath the sink. A kind-hearted bird fancier in the neighborhood, whom the boy consulted, prescribed gratuitously; and the bird, with a pennyworth of two of medicine and a careful diet, slowly recovered its health and good looks. He improved wonderfully, it must be owned, when the disadvantages of damp and bad air are taken into consideration. He was of a contented disposition, and spent long days contentedly in gloom and solitude.

When the sight of a ray of sunlight penetrated through the dirty glass of the back-kitchen window, and fell upon the bare kitchen floor, Jack went and stood upon it, and made much of it.

In lieu of fresh air, he sometimes stood close to a chink in the door, and the draught evidently did as much good to him as a sea breeze does to other persons. He was evidently a philosopher, and he promised to be a linguist as he advanced in years. His vocabulary was already a large one, and he had a fine ear for music. He could whistle a bar or two of several popular tunes; and he mixed them up together with so much ingenuity that he must be considered as a bit of a composer.

This bird was the only joy of the poor boy's life, whose companion it was. Those happy hours, after bedtime, which were spent in the back kitchen, were the only patches of light in all the dark and dreary life which the miserable child led under the cruel master, whose delight seemed to be to render his servant more and more wretched.

The boy waited in mortal terror for the bird's return. Did he hear? Was he staying only to frighten his friend? Oh! if he only knew what danger he was running!

The voice at the outer door had by this time ceased. Had the Jew come in? The boy strained every nerve in his endeavor to hear more acutely, but he could not make sure whether or not his master was moving about in the shop He certainly did not hear a noise Would the bird never come? But at last he did come. In the coolest possible way he popped up to the broken pane.

The boy saw with intense joy that his accomplice had a piece of paper in his mouth. He snatched at it, and took it after a struggle. Now for getting hold of the bird. The provoking villain appeared desirous of having a game of play. He would not be caught if he could help it.

"You'd rather stop and have your neck twisted, I suppose?" the boy said, bitterly.

"Hooray!" said the jackdaw. "Hooray! Here's a lark!

"Hooray!" said the jackdaw. "Hooray! Here's a lark!

"You wont find it a lark very long," retorted Sampson.

"Jack's alive!" observed the bird, with a chuckle, as he frisked about upon the inside, just out of the boy's reach.

"You needn't crow about it," said Sampson; "if you don't come out you'll be as dead as a door nail in half an hour's time."

But, finding how hopeless it was to try and coax him out, the boy resorted to a strategem.

"Well, I'm off!" said he, and he began to descend the pipe.

When he got down a short distance he looked back and saw the jackdaw peeping out at him through the broken pane.

"Good by!" said the boy, reaching the ground.

But this was too much for the jackdaw's feelings, and he hopped out, took a spring, alighted on the boy's shoulder, and accompanied him—swearing like a regiment of troopers, in an undertone—through the back-kitchen window. The boy made fast the sash behind him, and then stealing to the door, opened it and listened. All was quite silent in the house. The boy waited for several minutes, still listening.

"I must have been mistaken," said Sampson, half aloud; "or else somebody knocked and went away again."

"Here's a lark!" said the jackdaw.

The boy closed the door behind him, though very cautiously, for fear he might have been mistaken, and then, with as little noise as possible, began to strike a light.

"Hooray!" said the jackdaw, cheerfully. "Let's have a pipe!"

Neglecting this invitation, however, the boy lighted one of his candle-ends, and, sitting down, took the paper which the bird had stolen out of his breast pocket, where he had placed it for safety.

"I've only one candle-end left," the boy said to himself, as he fixed the one he had just lighted, with a pin, upon a piece of stick. "I've only one, and it's very short. I don't think it will last more than a minute."

Indeed, its life proved to be a very short one, for he had somehow managed to fix it where a draught from the window gutted away the tallow, and already the wick had begun to droop. As he spoke he looked round about the kitchen, for he thought, perhaps, by some chance, he might have another candle-end that he had forgotten.

Looking about, he encountered the jackdaw's eyes fixed upon him.

"It's you that hide them, I know that well enough," said the boy. "Where have you put them to?"

But the jackdaw, probably not having any excuse at his tongue's end, shut his eyes suddenly, and pretended to have gone to sleep. The boy, after looking about for a while, without any result, reflected upon the time he was wasting, and returned to the paper. He turned it over in his hand. The outside was the same. He opened it. It was that of which he was in search. Yes; there were the half-dozen lines which had so agitated the old Jew when he perused them. There they were, half a dozen lines in all. Strange, the boy thought, that such a few words upon a piece of note paper could cause any one so much emotion. How small a space was this secret took in! What a few words were required to reveal it! And these words had put that lady, so proud, so beautiful, and so rich, into the old Jew's power.

What mystery could they unravel? In what did this strange secret consist? Well, it was before him there. It was within his reach. Why did he not grasp it?

The jackdaw, who had as suddenly awakened as he had suddenly fallen asleep, perched himself on the edge of a table, and eyed the writing with an expression which seemed to say that he knew all about it, and could tell, if he chose, only not for nothing. The handwriting was a difficult one. It was a scrawling hand—a woman's hand—very carelessly written, and smeared in drying. The boy held it close to the light, and stared at it very hard.

The light began to flicker. He stared harder, and held the paper a little on one side to aid him. The light flickered violently. With a desperate effort he made out the first word. The wick tottered. In another moment it would be out. With an effort which amounted almost to inspiration, Sampson mastered the first two lines.

It ran thus:—

"As you value the love of the one most dear to you, come to-night!"

But here the light went out altogether, and the boy was left in pitchy darkness and blank astonishment. Almost at the same moment there was a violent rinsing at the shop bell. An instant's pause, and then another peal more violent than the last.

"Here's a lark!" said the jackdaw, with great heartiness; and then, with a sudden burst of generosity, added, "Have another pipe? Hooray!"

The boy was undecided what he ought to do. Should he go up stairs and answer the door, or wait till the person, whoever it was, should ring again? The old Jew's customers had very singular habits, as I have said before. They were accustomed to come at all sorts of unseasonable hours. But then the old Jew was not in the habit of going out of a night as he had done upon this occasion. It had never happened before that anybody had come when the Jew himself had not been there to answer them. The Jew very rarely went out for more than an hour at a time, and then only in the day. His instructions were, upon these occasions, that if anybody called, they were to wait in next door, at Mrs. Crowe's, and that he would be back directly. But now, what could he say if it should be a customer? the boy asked himself. He was provided with no instructions to meet this emergency. He could not very well say that the Jew would be back presently. He had no idea when he would be back. He might not come back till next morning. Never, perhaps. He could not ask them to go in next door and wait, for [illegible] while he was this time [illegible] time more violently than ever. All at once an idea occurred to him which made the boy feel anything but comfortable.

Suppose, after all, it should be Salomon himself? Perhaps he had gone out without his key? He was not in the habit of carrying the street-door key, and he might easily have forgotten it. In this case, would not the Jew be furious at his long delay? Now or never he would have his bones broken.

The boy hesitated no longer, but, opening the door, ascended the stairs as rapidly as he could in the dark.

Then, heedless of the bumps and thumps he gave himself upon the road, he groped his way through the lumber blocking up the shop, and at last reached the door.

Then, turning the key in the lock, he threw the door open, and faced the person who had thus vigorously assaulted the bell. But it was not the Jew. To the boy's unutterable astonishment, it was the mysterious lady come back again.

And there she stood alone.

TO BE CONTINUED.

BALL PLAY.

THE EAGLES AND THEIR VISIT TO PHILADELPHIA.—In consequence of the assassination of Abraham Lincoln, the Eagles, with a delicacy and patriotism that does them great honor, resolved to postpone their visit to Friday, May 5th. The President of the Eagles has written a very manly letter to the Philadelphia clubs. We understand that the approaching visit of the Eagles has created intense excitement in Quakerdom. Committees from the Athletics and Keystones will meet the Eagles half way on the route. The Keystones will play them on Friday, May 5th, and the Athletics on the 6th. The re-union will be a delightful one in every respect.

THE ATHLETIC CLUB—COMMENDABLE ACTION.—At a meeting of the Athletic Club, of Philadelphia, held on Monday, April 17th, the following resolutions were adopted:—

Resolved, That the nation has met with a heart-rending calamity in the death, by an assassin, of its kindly, wise, merciful, much-beloved Chief, Abraham Lincoln.

Resolved, That we deeply sympathise with the family of the deceased.

Resolved, That we have entire confidence in the integrity and patriotism of Andrew Johnson.

Resolved, That we tender our earnest sympathies to Hon. Wm. H. Seward and family.

POSTPONEMENT OF OPENINGS.—Nothing will be done in the way of opening games until the first week in May.

BASE BALL IN CAMP, NEAR GOLDSBOROUGH, N. C.—A base ball match was played on April 5th, between the drum corps and privates of the One Hundred and Second Regiment, N. Y. V., 3d Brigade, 3d Division, 20th Army Corps. The match was the result of a challenge from the drum corps to the regiment. The game was much enjoyed by all present, after their long and wearisome march from Savannah. Arrangements are now being made for a match between the 2d and 3d Brigades of the Division. The score of the game played on the 5th inst., was as follows:—

BATTING.

102D REGIMENT.	H. L.	R.	DRUM CORPS.	H. L.	R.
Kinney, c	2	4	Hurl, c	4	1
McNally, p	3	3	Hicks, p	2	3
Woodbeck, s s	3	1	Shortelle, 1st b	3	2
Welch, 2d b	3	2	Carlin, 2d b	3	1
Keegan, 3d b	4	0	Murphy, 3d b	1	2
Merrill, 1st b	2	2	Harvey, s s	5	0
Seymour, l f	4	1	Kilpeck, r f	3	2
Carney, c f	3	1	Schumaker, l f	2	3
Riley, r f	3	2	Quinn, c f	4	0
Total	16		Total	14	

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Regiment	3	3	0	2	0	0	2	4	3	—16
Drum Corps	4	0	0	4	0	1	2	0	3	—14

Empire—Mr. Miller, of the 60th Regt, N. Y. V. V.
Scorer—Mr. Frank Noyes, of the 102d Regiment.

BASE BALL IN BOSTON.—The Tri-Mountain Base Ball Club played their first match of the season on the 13th inst. We append the score:—

BATTING.

SCOTT'S SIDE.	H. L.	R.	ARNOLD'S SIDE.	H. L.	R.
Scott, p	3	4	G. Arnold, jr., c	0	6
Lyons, s s	3	4	Saltzman, p	2	5
Palmer, 1 f	3	3	Chandler, 1st b	3	4
Conant, r f	1	5	Bigelow, s s	3	5
Sullivan, c	3	4	Munn, c f	3	3
Troup, 2d b	4	1	Jacobs, l f	4	3
Hammond, 1st b	3	2	Boardman, 3d b	4	4
Holland, c f	2	3	Doherty, r f	4	2
Griffiths, 3d b	5	2	Wilson, 2d b	4	2
Total	28		Total	34	

Umpire—B. F. Guild. Scorer—Mead.
Home runs were made by Scott and Saltzman.

DOGOLOGY IN CLEVELAND.—Jim Brown's dog, Chance, and Barney Grimley's Billy worried each other on the 18th inst., to see whose boss should have the stakes, $500 a side, which Billy won for Barney in 45 minutes, Chance refusing to take chances at another hold when the time to scratch came. Brown handled his dog—Ingersoll, of Chicago, doing the same for Billy.

INDIAN CATARRH CURE, FIFTY CENTS a package; five for Two DOLLARS, postage paid by mail; by Day & Son, 76 Church street, New Haven, Conn. 3

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, APRIL 29, 1865.

NOTICE.

To Subscribers and Advertisers.

As a standing and general answer to the many correspondents who write us for information on these subjects, we beg leave to submit the following rates:—

SUBSCRIPTION TO THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

Single Copy.....10 cents | Subscription per annum...$5 00
To Wholesale Dealers..6¼ " | " for 6 months..2 50
To Retail Agents.....7 " | " for 3 months..1 25

To clubs of four or more, a deduction of 50 cents will be made from each annual subscription. Subscribers in Canada and the British Provinces, $1 per annum extra, to cover postage.

ADVERTISING.—Twelve cents per line for each and every insertion; for dramatic notices from other papers, incorporated in our summary, 25 cents per line; a liberal deduction will, however, be made for advertisements when paid for three or six months in advance. Day of publication Tuesday of each week. Communications, to insure attention in the issue for that week, should reach us by Monday morning, at latest, or Saturday, if possible. As the business of the CLIPPER is conducted on the CASH principle, payment in advance for both subscription and advertising is insisted upon. All letters and communications for any and every department of this paper must, to insure attention, be addressed only to FRANK QUEEN, Editor and Proprietor,
22 Spruce street, New York.

To Correspondents.

J. P.—"1. Mathew Laws and John Porter agree to shoot a match on April 15th, for $200 a side, at 21 pigeons each. 21 yards rise, 1¼oz. shot, and 80 yards boundary; to find and trap each other's birds, and each party to hold the gun below the elbow till the bird is on the wing; neither party to refuse the bird when it is in the trap, and the match to be shot out of H and T traps; to meet at Brinton Station at 12 o'clock M., and then move to the field; the referee and umpires to be chosen on the ground, and the decision of the former to be final. These articles were signed by the above parties, and in the match, after Laws had shot at 10 birds and killed 4, and Porter had shot at 9 and killed 5, it being the latter's next shot, Laws claimed that Porter was putting turpentine on his birds. A dispute arose; the referee telling them three times to proceed with the match and trap their birds. The disputed bird fell 9 feet out of bounds, and it was gathered and placed beside the others. Laws brother took up the bird, declared there was turpentine on it, and that his brother should not shoot any more, and took the birds out of the field. There is considerable money in bets depending on the decision, as they go the same way as the stakes. Now we want you to decide first who is entitled to the stakes. 2. Can the shooter use turpentine or not?".....1. If the referee ordered Laws to proceed with the match, and he refused, he loses. The referee's decision is final. 2. No.

J. P., Hudson City.—"A, B, and C are playing draw poker; A dealt the cards, B and C chipped $1 each, which A sees and goes $2 better. The cards are helped; D and C took two cards each, and A dealt off a card, as though he intended taking it, but on looking over his hand, he found that he held a full, and therefore put back the card which he had not seen among the pack, and stood his hand. B claims that A must take the card, as he threw it off as though he intended taking it; A contends that as he did not see it, he is not obliged to take it. Who wins?".....As A did not see the card, he is not obliged to take it, and can stand his hand. B loses.

J. B. D. C., Buffalo.—A work of the kind should be so clear in its explanations and terms that the merest tyro could readily understand them; the rules submitted for our consideration may be plain enough to regular players, but they are not so plain to the novice; we agree with you in most of your rulings, and in a few of them we disagree with you. We have neither time nor space to enlarge upon the subject.

H. S. L.—1. Henry Placide is a brother-in-law to the late Wm. Rufus Blake. 2. Grandfather Whitehead is one of Mr. Placide's grandest impersonations. 3. In old women Mrs. Vernon had no superior on the American stage. 4. George Jordan played at the Astor Place Opera House in May, 1852, with G. V. Brooke. 5. John Brougham bears a strong resemblance, it is said, to Daniel O'Connell.

WEPT OF THE WISH-TON, Newburyport, Mass.—Wally Mason's death is said to have been brought about by a severe beating received at the hands of Bill Poole. Wally was not a big man, but had the heart of a lion and feared neither man nor devil; his company was eagerly sought as he was one of the most entertaining men of his day. His brother, Alec, who succeeded him in business, is a quiet, rather distant sort of a person, apparently.

D. J. H., Albany.—John C. Heenan did, in company with Aaron Jones, Ed. Price, Jack McDonald, Jim Cusick, Johnny Mackey and others, travel through this country giving sparring exhibitions after his fight with Tom Sayers. The first great show was given at Jones' Woods, near this city, Aug. 13, 1860, in the presence of thousands of spectators. Charley Fuller, the advertising circus agent, was Heenan's agent on his tour.

A. M. S., West Meriden, Ct.—1. J. G. H. Shorey is traveling with a party in the West. 2. M. Ainsley Scott is in Savannah. The rest of the party are scattered over the country with different minstrel troupes. 3. He was one of the originators of the troupe you mention, but owing to a disagreement with the other managers he was ousted some time since.

J. F. S., Paterson, N. J.—1. T. B. Johnston played Toots in "Dombey and Son" at Burton's Chambers Street Theatre, and he [illegible] arrived in this country. 2. Bouciscault used to spell his name with an "r" in it, but of late years he has left it out.

SCOTCH PLAINS.—"1. In a game of cribbage H plays a four, B a three, and H a five, taking a sequence of three points; B then plays a six, taking a sequence of four, when H plays a four and claims a sequence of four; is he entitled to it? 2. B then plays a three and takes four for the sequence, when H plays a five. Does not H take four for the sequence?".....1. Yes. 2. Yes.

LOYAL.—We recognise the fact that you are placed in a very painful situation, but all we can advise you to do is to keep your own conscience clear, and look forward patiently and hopefully for "the good time coming." Traitors are an abomination, but if your circumstances are such that you cannot leave home, quiet submission is the next best course.

COBURNITE, Irishtown, Brooklyn.—Harry Montague, clerk to Jem Mace, has cut loose from that worthy and is now living in retirement at Leeds, England. We never thought for a moment that Mace ever intended coming here, notwithstanding the many assertions by those who pretended to know more than any body else about it.

BUM B——, Washington, D. C.—1. The dealer has no more right to look at the cards than any other player. 2. The dealer should have the last shuffle, but cannot examine the cards. 3. The cards should be dealt alike to every player; the dealer has no right to give one player two cards, and the next man three, etc.

J. T. S., Sharon Springs, N. Y.—Yankee Sullivan and Johnny Austin had a turn up in the City Hall Park, the date of which is uncertain. Sully, when under the influence of old rye, was rather a quarrelsome person, and made no bones of striking his best friend.

MAD. VIRGINIA S., Cincinnati.—1. The Doctor is willing. 2. Your best course to pursue is to write to Messrs. Conner & Co., or Frank Edwards, dramatic agents in this city, whose addresses you will find in another column.

G. L. C., Washington.—J. Wilkes Booth ranked next to Edwin in the Booth family. As Richard, J. Wilkes was superior in many respects to Edwin. J. Wilkes Booth has been on the stage since 1855.

BANJO, Binghampton.—1. The San Francisco Minstrels have arrived. They will shortly open on Broadway. 2. Frank Converse. 3. Mrs. Emily Jordon and Frank Lawlor were in this city last week.

AMATEUR BOXER.—You can order a sett of the improved pneumatic boxing gloves, so popular in England, through Mr. George Wilson, or at Wilmer & Rogers, corner of Nassau and Liberty sts.

AJAX, Albany.—Junius Brutus Booth died on a steamboat on its passage from New Orleans to Louisville, and was buried Dec. 11th, 1852.

H. R.—We know no one who wants to buy Vol. 12 of the CLIPPER. Perhaps if you advertised them you would find a purchaser.

FRANK, Titusville.—"The Ticket of Leave Man" was produced by W. J. Florence at the Winter Garden, in this city, on Nov. 30th, 1863, for the first time in America.

A. M., Indianapolis.—Our terms for advertising are 12 cents per line each insertion. Those sent would occupy 20 lines. Duplicate copy if you wish them inserted.

HARRY J., 26th and South, Philadelphia.—We don't understand the merits of the case; so that you and the other party will have to settle it among yourselves.

J. O S.—As the poem interests the two parties only, and cannot be of general interest, we must decline its publication in the CLIPPER.

BAROOK.—1. Junius is the elder of the three brothers. 2. Your second question is answered in the sketch published in last week's CLIPPER.

J. NORRIS, Philadelphia.—As A scores high and low before Jack, it is a sure pop that the holder of the latter is skunked.

W. D. C., St. Louis.—We published a portrait of the lady some months ago.

SUBSCRIBER, Philadelphia.—Julia Mortimer has retired from the profession, and at last accounts was in this city.

C. E. J., Watertown.—We are not in want of anything of the kind at present.

INQUIRER.—You will find the whereabouts of the party you inquire for in our miscellaneous column.

CONSTANT READER, New Orleans.—The salary of such a performer is about $20 a week.

A. B., Williamsport, Pa.—We can't get at their weight any nearer than we gave at the time.

S. F. M., Cincinnati.—A letter sent to this office will reach Gus. Shaw.

ANONYMOUS, Readville.—You can purchase a copy of "Shamus O'Brian" of S. French, 122 Nassau street.

MAJOR, Newark.—Neafie never played in New York and Philadelphia on the same night, but John Brougham did.

GYMNICUS.—1. That is a trainer's secret, which they do not care to make known. 2. Apply to some druggist.

SUBSCRIBER, Penn Yan.—The decision of the referee must be abided by.

LEWY B., Lockport.—The set-to between Izzy LEZARUS and Tom Hyer occurred in the latter part of October, 1853.

SPORT, Buffalo.—It is said that $1000 will "do the deed," and Hugh Riley can be free. See article in our ring department.

AUGY, Philadelphia.—You can get an air gun made at Tomes, No. 6 Maiden Lane.

W. L., Decatur, Ill.—Isaac P. Smith, corner of Canal and Broadway, will send whatever you require.

C. G., New York.—Tom Spring's first fight with Painter was in April, 1818; his second in August of the same year.

J. W., Paterson, N. J.—George Edeson was stage manager at 444.

MERMAID, Boston.—Deerfoot, the Original, we understand has returned to London, having run out of all his hard cash, because "he would be a gambulier," and any man who is that must expect to get skinned in the long run. Such being the case, we are inclined to the belief that the so-called Deerfoot who ran some time back in Boston was a "sell."

BOHANA, Troy.—J. Wilkes Booth is the first actor that has ever been accused of a heinous crime in this country, and with the exception of one Englishman many years ago, is the only one in the whole world connected with the dramatic profession. What other profession can say as much?

THREE NEWARKERS.—1. We should recommend you to go to John Brown's Tract, where you can have the shooting and fishing you mention. 2. You can get a rifle of the kind you want to throw a half ounce ball for $35 and upwards, at Cooper & Pond's, 177 Broadway.

J. V. V. D., New Brunswick.—We have no recollection of having received any programmes from you. If they came to hand they probably did not have the name of the town on them, and were therefore of no use. Items are always acceptable.

ENQUIRER.—1. Laura Keene was performing at Ford's Theatre at the time of the tragedy. She was formerly attached to Mad. Vestris' Theatre in London. 2. Mrs. Hoey was formerly Mrs. Russell.

C. J. D., Winchester, Va.—John Wilkes Booth was not considered a first-class actor. He was very careless in everything he undertook, except "Richard the Third," and in this character he had no equal on the American stage.

SIMCOE, Philadelphia.—1. Tony Pastor is traveling with a variety company under his own management. You will find his route in our summary. 2. F. B. Conway and wife are at present at the Park Theatre, Brooklyn.

YORKVILLE.—"A and B are throwing highest raffles; A throws two fours and an ace, B two trays and six. Who wins?".....B wins.

OLD COUNTRYMAN.—The cricket season will be in full blast here in a week or two. Keep a close eye on the CLIPPER and you will always find notices of important matches to come off.

RICHMOND.—If the king and tray were high and low, B won, as the points for those cards should have been taken before the one for A's Jack.

J. O., Pawtucket, R. I.—1. Lang has frequently run one mile on level ground, but the quickest time made in a match race was by Mills in 4m. 20⅘ secs.

A READER, Covington, Ky.—1. The lady's mother is of Irish birth. 2. New York is the lady's home when not acting.

V. H. S., Cincinnati.—We know nothing of the gentleman's whereabouts.

LINTY FAKER, Delaware Grove.—You will find the route of the circus companies you inquire for in our circus summary.

A. B. PALMER, Washington, D. C.—That letter was for another party.

YOURS, &c., Boston.—Edwin Booth and J. Wilkes Booth are brothers.

VINEACH & Co., Shirley Village.—For three months, $10.

In Memory
OF
ABRAHAM LINCOLN,
SIXTEENTH
PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

Born, February 12th, 1809;
Died, April 15th, 1865.

Stricken down in the midst of his usefulness by the hand of an Assassin.

Though Dead to Earth, Abraham Lincoln still Lives in the Hearts of his Countrymen.

THE WASHINGTON TRAGEDY.

THE recent atrocious murder at Ford's Theatre, Washington, D. C., continues to engross general attention, everything else giving place to this one absorbing theme. Of rumors about the assassin Booth we have hundreds; of his antecedents, his political sentiments, and general characteristics, everybody has some[illegible] from the many falsehoods with which those truths are associated, and to place nothing but what is reliable before our readers in connection with the great crime and its perpetrator, is a work of much difficulty. The account of the murder as given in our last is correct; it may be proper to remark that the occupants of the President's box at the time the fatal shot was fired consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln, Major Rathbone, and Miss Harris; Major Rathbone was cut by the assassin while endeavoring to secure him. There is not a doubt that John Wilkes Booth murdered the President; he was recognised by several parties acquainted with him, who saw him in the theatre before the deed was perpetrated, and who also observed him as he was making his escape. The murderer had nicely laid out his plot for the assassination, and prepared his plans with cool judgment for his own escape. He never expected to escape by the front of the house, and had therefore barred the door of the box, inside, to prevent any persons from entering that way when the alarm was raised; but of his escape by the *rear* of the theatre, *across the stage*, and so out the alley-ways back of the establishment, he appears to have been most confident. Yet why he *should* be thus confident, *unless he had accomplices on that stage*, is difficult to divine. Granted that he was acquainted with all the intricacies of the stage arrangements, means of exit, etc., was there no fear of his being interrupted in his career by some of the carpenters, scene-shifters, and other people whose presence is required upon the stage? The cry was given from the front of the house, "Stop that man!" as he leaped from the box after inflicting the deadly wound, yet no one upon the stage gave heed to the alarm, or attempted in any way to stop the murderer. It may be said that there were no carpenters or other people on the stage at the time. Where were they then, and why were they absent at this particular juncture? If the *attaches* of the theatre were good, loyal men, then they cannot be suspected of complicity in this great crime. But *were* they? We believe not all; there were several persons connected with this theatre whose secession proclivities were well known, whose violent sentiments in favor of the rebellion and its leaders have frequently been noticed by parties fulfilling engagements there, and whose business brought them in connection with those men. A man who had his plans so cleverly managed in the house, would not neglect to have them equally well arranged *outside*; hence we find a horse in the rear of the theatre ready for him to mount and away, and in all probability relays of horses were found awaiting him along the route previously chosen for his flight, and provided for him, probably, by Moseby's, or some other gang of cut-throats; but Moseby's gang has surrendered, says one; so it has, but not until the escape of the assassin had been secured, and the country prepared to annihilate the whole guerilla breed. They surrendered only when there was no chance of their committing further depredations. During the week, reports of Booth's appearance in various places have been current, but these reports were most likely originated to throw the authorities off the right track. A letter has also been published, purporting to have been written by Booth some months ago, and placed in the custody of John S. Clarke, his brother-in-law, to be used how, or when, or for what purpose, we have not been informed; Mr. Clarke is said to have handed this letter over to Marshal Millward, of Philadelphia. It is a political letter, addressed "J. Wilkes Booth" on the envelope, but "To whom it may concern" inside. The writer pretends to desire Peace, yet at the very moment that Peace is attainable, Booth murders the very man who was doing all in his power to secure Peace. We are also given to understand that in the envelope with this letter were some oil stock certificates, and Seven Thirty United States Securities. Who put them there? Did J. Wilkes Booth put them there? Is it likely that a man who contemplated the destruction of the nation by murdering the President and his Cabinet would invest his money in the securities of that government? There is a mystery connected with this letter that requires looking into. The authorities, we hear, have possession of Ford's Theatre, and the treasurer of the house, and one or two other persons connected with the establishment, were taken into custody during the week. The investigations going on will probably unearth some of the background accomplices in the hellish deed.

A WHOLE TEAM.—A short time since a case was tried in England which turned upon the question whether the word team meant a wagon and horses or the horses alone. The word was decided to mean the horses alone. Out on the Bloomingdale Road may be seen hundreds of our gay sports going the whole team and a wagon to boot.

ON THE LAY.—Since the occupation of Richmond by the Union forces, even the hens have resumed business, and lay eggs with such rapidity that the price has been reduced from twenty-five dollars to thirty cents a dozen; which goes to show the value of Union to an eggshausted confederacy.

THE DRAMATIC PROFESSION.

THERE has been, and still is exhibited a good deal of feeling touching the secession proclivities of certain members of the dramatic profession in this city. There is no question that there is good foundation for this feeling, for it has been quite a common occurrence to hear these secession actors declaim loudly against the North, at the same time that they expressed themselves in favor of Jeff. Davis and the Confederacy. This thing has been going on for years, and if our readers will refer to back files of the CLIPPER they will find that we exposed some of these parties when they commenced their abuse of our government in the first stages of the rebellion. Alone, however, we could not do much against them; but if the public had been less lenient in their treatment of such insurrectionary material, and had let these revolutionary actors see that they could look for no sympathy in the North while they indulged in such sentiments, it is possible that the stigma that has been cast upon a worthy profession by the fiendish act of one of its members might have been averted, and the life of a good and honest President preserved. We say it is *possible*, for if the people of this great city had come out at once, boldly and fearlessly, against all actors who so defiantly proclaimed their sympathies with disunion, the chances are that the butcher Booth might have felt it necessary to change his views, and thereby become an ornament to his profession, instead of the outlaw and assassin he now is. It is true, to a certain extent, that those actors who sympathise with the Southern secessionists and their unholy cause, have done much by their words from the stage, and their "gags," to divide the North in sentiment. The public are blameable in the matter for tolerating those people, who, while enjoying the kindness and patronage of the North, were really working against the interests of the North, by favoring rebellion and toadying to the aristocracy of slavery. What is the result of this leniency toward the secession element in the dramatic profession in this city? Let the corpse of our great and good President, now lying within sight of where we are writing, be the answer. We have ever been the friend of the actor, and while condemning the secession sentiments of certain of that class of our community, we have done so in the hope of showing them that their course, if persisted in, would tend not only to injure the country, but the dramatic profession as well. If it has not done so, none will be more gratified than ourselves to learn the fact; if it has, let the faults of the past be obliterated by the future acts of the entire profession. It is time the question was met. It is time the disunion element was rooted out. Justice demands it, the Union demands it, the people demand it, and the rights of the loyal actor demand it. If there are to be two classes, one for the Union and one for secession, let the lines be drawn at once, so that the people can see who are for them, and who against them—and no better time than the present can be chosen to settle this question. A meeting was held the other day, and a series of resolutions passed by the profession. Let the names of our actors be attached to those resolutions, fairly and squarely, and we should like to see that fifth resolution, especially, signed by every actor on the American stage. The interests of the country as well as the interests of the dramatic profession require something of the kind.

THE LATE TRAGEDY.

Funeral Ceremonies of President Lincoln in New York.

A GRAND BUT SOLEMN SPECTACLE.

ON Monday morning, 24th inst., at 11 o'clock, all that is mortal of our late revered President arrived in this city, *en route* for its final resting place in the far west. In accordance with the arranged programme of the funereal obsequies, the remains were placed in the Rotunda of the City Hall, the interior of which, with its black drapery and dimmed light, presented a solemn, beautiful and sombre aspect. Amid the chanting of "the invocation chorus of the spirits," by eight hundred voices, belonging to the German Singing Societies, the coffin was deposited on its rest, and after a necessary interval, the vast masses of the citizens, who had for hours patiently awaited the time, were admitted, and gradually filing past the raised dais, in sorrow and silence took a last farewell view of the countenance of their Martyred President. Throughout the seemingly interminable lines of spectators that passed along, there appeared to prevail but one sentiment, a feeling of silent, deep sorrow, as if each one felt that the loss which the nation had sustained was a personal one, striking home to their individual feelings and sympathies. Great and noble indeed must the character of that man be who can thus, even under the most dramatic circumstances, touch the heart of a whole people [illegible] profound grief, and plunge them into universal mourning. While warriors, and kings, and presidents have gone down to their graves "unhonored and unsung," the name of Abraham Lincoln, like that of his great predecessor, George Washington, will live forever in the hearts of his countrymen. As we write, a multitude of people crowd the City Hall Park and the adjacent streets as far as Chatham Square, awaiting their turn to fall in with the continuous stream of people passing the bier. Business is almost wholly suspended, and the citizens of New York and suburbs are thus feelingly exhibiting their grief at this sudden and tragic death of their late beloved Chief Magistrate. The 25th inst. will be more generally observed as a day of mourning, and we dare not attempt an estimate of the number of persons who will endeavor to get a last glimpse at the features, now rigid in death, of President Lincoln. Among other ceremonies to-morrow (Tuesday), Mr. Bancroft, the historian, will pronounce an eulogy on the late President, and the funeral cortege, it is expected, will be the most continuous and imposing, and witnessed by a larger throng of people, than any event of the kind ever seen in the United States or any other country.

ACTORS' MEETINGS.

THE holding of meetings by actors in this and other cities, and the adoption of resolutions concerning the murder of the President, is what we expected from this class of the community. Mr. Lincoln was a great patron of the drama, and Shakespeare was one of his favorite authors. His countenance and support of the theatre had done much to enhance the character of the stage, as well as to elevate the social position of the actor. It is the deeper to be regretted, therefore, that the hand of an actor should have been lifted against him. The profession throughout the country owe it to themselves not only to speak trumpet-tongued against this most foul, unnatural murder, but to denounce the murderer in terms that can not be misunderstood. They should use every effort to secure his arrest, and bring an unworthy member of a worthy profession to condign punishment. Manager Sinn, of the Chestnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia, has made a move in this matter, by offering a reward of $500 for the arrest of Booth. Let others follow this example, and show the world, too, that even *friends* of this damnable outlaw will not be tolerated by the dramatic profession. In our city and dramatic summaries will be found the proceedings of meetings held in the different cities, and other items relating to the great tragedy.

THE BILLIARD SEASON, which, taken altogether, has been a most brilliant one, so far as the kind and number of matches are concerned, is fast drawing to a close. The exhibitions of M. Carme, whose skill in executing *masse* shots surpasses anything in that way yet seen in this country, not excepting the illustrations of M. Berger, are now eliciting the attention of the billiard fraternity, and his *seances* in Boston last week were highly eulogised by the press of that city, but, owing to the intense and almost total absorption of the public mind in the late sad event in Washington, his star has not shone, and will not shine as brightly as it otherwise would have done. The Ohio and Illinois tournaments, and the forthcoming match in Cincinnati, between Messrs. Tieman and Goldthwait, are the next most interesting items in billiard circles, after which, no doubt, most of the billiard professors will take a recess, and enjoy their *otium cum dignitate* until the commencement of the season of 1865-6, and billiards will partially give place to base-ball, cricket and other out-of-door sports.

WHAT TO DO WITH HIM.—The papers are greatly exercised as to the disposition to be made of Jeff. Davis, some going in strong for punishing him with the rope's end, others expressing a willingness to accede to Mr. Davis' urgent request to be "let alone." As the immortal Mrs. Glass once remarked, "first catch your hare," etc. Jeff. is a slippery cuss, and can work himself out of difficulty as "slick as an eel."

AT A STAND-STILL.—Everything has been upset by the national calamity, and very little business of any kind has been transacted since our last. Sporting matters have been knocked flat, and in-door amusements totally squelched. Never before have we known such a gloomy week—never witnessed such universal signs of lamentation and woe. It will be some days yet ere matters can be directed in their customary channels.

"THE MYSTERIES OF THE BACKWOODS" and "The Adventures of Fudge Fumble" are the titles of two new works just published by Messrs. Peterson & Brothers of Philadelphia. They are neatly gotten up in illuminated covers, and, from a cursory reading of their contents, we judge them to be most readable works.

BOOTH THE ASSASSIN.

WE regret very much to say that up to the time of our going to press on Monday evening, April 24th, the assassin of the President had not been apprehended. The rewards offered for his arrest amount in the aggregate to upwards of sixty thousand dollars. Concerning this rash, this fiendish creature, his movements, incidents in his life, and other matters appertaining to him and his, the newspapers everywhere have had a great deal to say since our last. Without guaranteeing the correctness of these different articles, some of which, we have no doubt, are pure fiction, we have concluded to give them a place in our columns. The first that we shall call attention to, and which is said to have been left with John S. Clarke, is a letter signed by J. Wilkes Booth, and attributed to his pen. The document was handed to Marshal Millward, in Philadelphia, on Monday 17th inst. It is as follows:—

MY DEAR SIR—You may use this as you think best. But as *some* may wish to know *when*, *who* and *why*, and as I know not *how* to direct, I give it (in the words of your master)

"To whom it may concern:"

Right or wrong, God judge me, not man. For be my motive good or bad, of one thing I am sure, the lasting condemnation of the North. I love peace more than life. Have loved the Union beyond expression. For four years have I waited, hoped and prayed for the dark clouds to break, and for a restoration of our former sunshine. To wait longer would be a crime. All hope for peace is dead. My prayers have proved as idle as my hopes. God's will be done. I go to see and share the bitter end. I have ever held the South were *right*. The very nomination of Abraham Lincoln, four years ago, spoke plainly war—war upon Southern rights and institutions. His election proved it. "Await an overt act." Yes; till you are bound and plundered. What folly! The South were wise. Who thinks of argument or patience when the finger of his enemy presses on the trigger? In a *foreign war*, I, too, could say, "Country, right or wrong." But in a struggle *such as ours* (where the brother tries to pierce the brother's heart), for God's sake choose the right. When a country like this spurns *justice* from her side she forfeits the allegiance of every honest freeman, and should leave him, untrammelled by any fealty sooner, to act as his conscience may approve.

People of the North, to hate tyranny, to love liberty and justice, to strike at wrong and oppression, was the teaching of our fathers. The study of our early history will not let me forget it, and may it never.

This country was formed for the *white*, not for the black man. And, looking upon *African slavery* from the same standpoint held by the noble framers of our constitution, I, for one, who have ever considered it one of the greatest blessings (both for themselves and us) that God ever bestowed upon a favored nation. Witness heretofore our wealth and power; witness their elevation and enlightenment above their race elsewhere. I have lived among it most of my life, and have seen *less* harsh treatment from master to man than I have beheld in the North from father to son. Yet, Heaven knows, *no one* would be willing to do *more* for the negro race than I, could I but see a way to *still better their* condition. But Lincoln's policy is only preparing the way for their total annihilation. The South *are not, nor have they been, fighting* for the continuance of slavery. The first battle of Bull Run did away with that idea. Their causes *since* for *war* have been as *noble* and *greater far than those that urged our fathers on. Even* should we allow they were wrong at the beginning of this contest, *cruelty and injustice* have made the wrong become the *right*, and they stand *now* (before the wonder and admiration of the world) as a noble band of patriotic heroes.

der, and witnessed the flight of Booth. In a letter to his father, Mr. W. J. Hawke, who resides in Chicago, his son Harry writes as follows, under date of Washington, April 16th:—

"This is the first opportunity I have had to write to you since the assassination of our dear President on Friday night, as I have been in custody nearly ever since. I was one of the principal witnesses of that sad affair, being the only one on the stage at the time of the fatal shot. I was playing Asa Trenchard, in the 'American Cousin.' The 'old lady' of the theatre had just gone off the stage, and I was answering her exit speech when I heard the shot fired. I turned, looked up at the President's box, heard the man exclaim *'Sic semper tyrannis,'* saw him jump from the box, seize the flag on the staff and drop to the stage; he slipped when he gained the stage, but got upon his feet in a moment, brandished a large knife, saying, 'The South shall be free!' turned his face in the direction I stood, and I recognized him as John Wilkes Booth. He ran towards me, and I, seeing the knife, thought I was the one he was after, ran off the stage and up a flight of stairs. He made his escape out of a door, directly in the rear of the theatre, mounted a horse and rode off. The above all occurred in the space of a quarter of a minute, and at the time I did not know that the President was shot; although, if I had tried to stop him he would have stabbed me. I am now under $1,000 bail to appear as a witness when Booth is tried, if caught. All the above I have sworn to. You may imagine the excitement in the theatre, which was crowded, with cries of 'Hang him!' 'Who was he?' &c., from every one present. In about fifteen minutes after the occurrence, the President was carried out and across the street. I was requested to walk down to the police head-quarters and give my evidence. They then put me under $1000 bonds to appear at ten o'clock next morning. I then walked about for some time, as the city was wild with excitement, and then I went to bed. At half past three I was called by an aid of the President to go to the house where he was lying, to give another statement before Judge Carter, Secretary Stanton and other high officials assembled there. I did so, and went to bed again. On Saturday I gave bail. It was the sadest thing I ever knew. The city only the night before was illuminated, and everybody was so happy. Now it is all sadness. Everybody looks gloomy and sad. On that night the play was going off so well. Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln enjoyed it much. She was laughing at my speech when the shot was fired. In fact, it was one laugh from the time the curtain went up until it fell—and to think of such a sorrowful ending! It is an era in my life that I shall never forget. Inclosed is a piece of fringe of the flag the President was holding when shot."

INSANITY IN THE BOOTH FAMILY.

GEORGE D. PRENTICE'S RECOLLECTIONS OF THE ELDER BOOTH.

From the Louisville Journal, April 17.

There can be no doubt that J. Wilkes Booth, the distinguished actor, if guilty of having assassinated the President, should be hung. We would gladly have him hung so high that our people could see him by telescopes from all parts of the continent. We have no doubt that J. Wilkes Booth, though a man of great histrionic genius, has a broad streak of insanity in his nature; but the evidences of his long-contemplated, deliberately-considered, and terribly-executed crime, exclude and make impossible all considerations or thoughts of mercy. Oh, that he had twenty million necks—one for the private thought and feeling of every loyal man in the United States! About thirty-three years ago the elder Booth, the father of Wilkes, Edwin, etc., came to this city on a theatrical engagement. He sent for us to his hotel with many but very queer compliments We went. He received us kindly, but strangely. In a little while he asked us if we were "armed." "Not much," we answered. "Well, how much?" said he. We drew from our pocket a spring knife, presented to us two days before, and gave it into his hands, showing him how it was to be used. He instantly raised it on high, and exclaimed in his tragic style, "What is to save you now?" We retired a step and replied, "What is to save me is your fear of this pistol." He responded in a most joyous laugh. "Oh, I don't care for knives or pistols, as I know you don't; but I wanted to find you worthy to be my friend." We told him that we had not thus far found him worthy of our friendship. He then asked us to go up to his room and see some of his departed friends. Having an awful prejudice against the sight of ghosts, we declined. He urged. We yielded. We went with him, and he introduced us to twelve or fifteen roosters, hens and pullets, his traveling companions through the country, saying that they were his deceased friends, and telling us the name of each. His solemnity was evidence of his sincerity. There was no hypocrisy in his soul.

The next night he was advertised for his third appearance at the theatre. An immense crowd assembled. He didn't show himself. Impatience became irrepressible, and the people in the house had their money returned at the door. As we passed down a cross-street, a well-known voice from a carriage exclaimed, "Hallo! have you been at the theatre?" "Yes," we said. "What sort of an audience was there?" "A tremendous one." "Did they see Booth?" "No, and Booth treated them like a —— dog!" "Ah, well, were they very much disappointed?" Two days afterwards we were sent for by the keeper of the city jail. Poor Booth was in his keeping. He had been taken in a state of unconsciousness from the streets, and was still unconscious. He had blacked himself blacker than the blackest negro in Kentucky. We helped him away from the city, and when he came again, he behaved better and spoke his gratitude to us. We do not mention these evidences of paternal insanity as the slightest reason for the sparing of President Lincoln's murderer from the gallows. We mention them simply because, at a time like this, they may be interesting to many readers. As for the assassin, we repeat that he should, if possible, be hung higher than the clouds.

EDWIN BOOTH AND ROBERT LINCOLN.

From the New York Times.

And here it is only thoughtful and honest to say that the Union cause has had no stronger or more generous supporter than Mr. Edwin Booth. From the commencement he has been earnestly and actively solicitous for the triumph of our arms and the welfare of our soldiers. An incident, a trifle in itself, may be recalled at this moment when the profound monotony of grief overwhelms us. Not a month since Mr. Edwin Booth was proceeding to Washington. At Trenton there was a general scramble to reach the cars, which had started, leaving many behind in the refreshment saloon. Mr. Edwin Booth was preceded by a gentlemen whose foot slipped as he was stepping upon the platform, and who would have fallen at once beneath the wheels had not Mr. Edwin Booth's arm sustained him. The gentleman remarked that he had had a narrow escape of his life, and was thankful to his preserver. It was Robert Lincoln, the son of that great, good man who now lies dead before our blistered eyes, and whose name we cannot mention without choking.

In some way the incident came to the knowledge of Lieut. Gen. Grant, who at once wrote a civil letter to Mr. Edwin Booth, and said that if he could serve him at any time he would be glad to do so. Mr. Booth replied, playfully, that when he (Grant) was in Richmond, he would like to play for him there. It is a trifle, but it is just to remember trifles when a man so stricken and overburdened with woe as Mr. Edwin Booth is spoken of.

BOOTH'S VISIT TO NEWBURGH.

From the Newburgh Telegraph, April 19.

It was on a Sunday in October last that J. Wilkes Booth was in Newburgh. He was on his way to play an engagement at Buffalo, and got off the train arriving at Newburgh late on Saturday night, and made for the first place he found open. He visited several taverns, generally "blowing," as the boys say, considerably. He treated all hands in an off-handed, lavish manner, talked of his star engagements, handed out his cards, engraved "J. Wilkes Booth, tragedian," and got off a deal of bluster. Staying over night, he got into a clothing store Sunday morning, and bought some collars, etc. Finally he got across the river about noon. There are many in town who could identify him at a glance. On the night the hotels were fired in New York city, he and his two brothers appeared in one piece at Winter Garden, before a terribly crowded house. Since then Edwin Booth has played "Hamlet" at the same theatre, one hundred nights in succession, the greatest histrionic feat on record. Edwin Booth is a gentleman and a patriot, and to our judgment the finest impersonator of "Hamlet" that has yet appeared. The assassin seems to have been always a vain fool. He is now a tragedian indeed, and one who will never be forgotten.

HIS PASSAGE THROUGH PROVIDENCE ON THE 5TH.

From the Providence Press, April 19th.

J. Wilkes Booth, the assassin, was in this city several hours on Wednesday, the 5th inst., arriving in the New York boat in the morning, and leaving in the afternoon train for Boston. He stopped at the Aquidneck House, registering "J. Wilkes Booth and lady." It is stated that J. Wilkes Booth was to have commenced an engagement at the Louisville (Ky.) Theatre, March 20th, but that he failed to fulfill it without assigning any sufficient reason, and the manager was, therefore, compelled to supply his place by employing another actor. The cause of his delinquency is now painfully apparent.

J. WILKES BOOTH.

A Cincinnati correspondent writes as follows to the Chicago *Times*:—

"Junius Brutus Booth is in deep grief over the tragedy which involves his brother Wilkes as an assassin. His engagement would have closed to-night, but he dared not appear. He informs me that J. Wilkes Booth was to have been married soon to a daughter of Senator Hale; that if he committed this act, it was under a sudden impulse. The family consists of four brothers and one sister. The mother of these five children is now in New York city. Wilkes Booth was her favorite child. Edwin was in Boston, where he was to conclude an engagement to-night. J. Brutus, Edwin and J. Wilkes, all three brothers, were engaged to appear at the Shakespearean benefit, in New York, soon to take place, and only yesterday Brutus received a letter from Wilkes making mention of their engagement in New York; that he was well, and all going on brightly. Recurring to his alliance to Miss Hale, Brutus can hardly believe the report, yet he knows that Wilkes has often expressed himself as 'bearing a deadly hatred to kings and tyrants.' Mr. Booth has gone to the country to-night, to keep quiet until the excitement has passed. He paces his room and pulls his hair like a man deranged. Brutus also states that if the reports are true against Wilkes, Edwin and himself will be compelled to leave the stage."

HOW HIS BROTHER RECEIVED THE DREADFUL INTELLIGENCE IN CINCINNATI.

From the Cincinnati Commercial.

The oldest of the boys, Junius Brutus, was born in Charleston, South Carolina, in 1821. He made his first appearance on the stage in 1834, at Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, as Tyrrel, in "Richard III," and appeared first in New York, at the Bowery, in 1851. The same year he went to California; and if we mistake not, he spent most of his time on the Pacific coast. He was married twice—first to Miss Clementine DeBar, an Irish actress from Dublin, and reputed to have been one of the most beautiful women of her day. They subsequently separated, and Mr. Booth married a Miss Harriet Mace, who died in San Francisco in 1859, after a lingering illness. This member of the family would have completed a two weeks' engagement at Pike's Opera House on Saturday night, but for the terrible news which associated the family name inseparably with the cruel assassination at Washington. Mr. Booth, who had been up late the previous night, left his room and went direct to Pike's Opera House on Saturday morning to attend rehearsal, totally unaware of what had transpired. An excited crowd had already clamored at the door for him, torn down the bill in which he was announced, and had only left on assurance that he would not play, and that no performance would be had that evening. When he appeared on the stage, Mr. Simmonds, acting manager, drew him to one side, and cautioned him against too much publicity. He inquired why, and, on being told the news, exclaimed:—"My God! can it be possible!" swooned away, and was conveyed from the stage in an insensible condition. He is reported to have since left the city. He is said, by those who claim to know him, and speak advisedly, to be a Union man, without a tinge of secession poison or sympathy; but of his political notions we know nothing. He resembles his father personally, more than any other of the family, having his antique type of face, and features capable of wonderful expression under the influence of excitement.

THE BOOTH FAMILY—SKETCH OF THE ELDER BOOTH.

From the Cincinnati Commercial.

The elder Booth's habits were exceedingly irregular, and so interfered with his performances at times, that an actor less gifted would have forfeited his popularity beyond redemption. It was rarely that he appeared sober on the stage, and towards the close of his life it required all the vigilance and art of managers to keep him in a condition to appear on the stage at all. The stories told of him in this connection are innumerable, and some of them are extremely ludicrous. His appetite for liquor was absolutely voracious. Being without money at one time when in New York, he went to a pawnbroker's shop, literally pawned himself for money to purchase liquor, was regularly ticketed, and exhibited in a window, where he stayed till "redeemed" by a friend. On another occasion, being announced to appear in Philadelphia—at the Walnut Street, we believe—the manager, on the day of the performance, had Booth locked up, but was outwitted by the actor, who bribed the servant to bring a bottle of brandy, a saucer, and a clay pipe. Inserting the pipe through the keyhole, with the bowl inverted, the brandy was poured into the saucer, and sucked up through the pipe by the thirsty tragedian, and the fact was disclosed when, in the twilight, the manager proceeded there to conduct him to the dressing-room, and found him in an insensible condition. It was considered somewhat perilous to play "Richmond" to Booth's "Richard the Third," particularly if the actor was in liquor. During the combat on Bosworth Field he was apt, in his excitement, to consider himself in reality the king, and cut and thrust with the fierceness and ferocity of a man engaged in an earnest and life-depending trial of arms. At such times it was necessary to disable him, and it was in one of these "crazy spells" that his face was disfigured for life by an imperilled actor, the bridge of his nose being broken by the blow delivered through sheer defence. The very ludicrous scene which occurred at a New York theatre, between Booth and the celebrated 'fat girl" of Barnum's Museum, is probably familiar to most of our readers, and is, perhaps, one of the most amusing incidents in the annals of the stage. It is very doubtful whether Booth was insane at any time when not under the influence of strong drink. He was, however, of a very fiery quality, and in his peculiar sphere—the sudden and nervous expression of concentrated passion, as also in the more quiet and subtle passages of his delineations—he was, perhaps, unsurpassed by any actor of his time, and would have passed for crazy if it were supposed he was guided in his dramatic outbursts by feeling rather than consummate artistic skill. Off the stage, the elder Booth was convivial, genial, warm-hearted, and as much loved as in his profession he was admired.

STORIES ABOUT J. W. BOOTH.

Says an exchange:—Booth was one of the best pistol shots in the country, a practiced athlete, and a young man of remarkable nerve in every emergency. Only a few days before his arrival in Washington, he had made a splendid throwing shot in Boston, firing between his legs and hitting the target so exactly in the center that the proprietors of the gallery preserved it as a memento. While conversing in a Cincinnati bar room, a few months ago, with a Colonel of artillery, Booth was challenged by the latter to hit his hand at fifty paces, the Colonel placing his hand against the door. Drawing a Derringer and pacing the prescribed distance, the young actor turned and fired at sight, putting his ball through the door between the second and third fingers of the Colonel's hand. Considering these facts and examining the locality of the assassination, it is not difficult to perceive how easily the assassin accomplished his purpose, even though he fired through a door. Gazing at Lincoln through the open door on his left, and withdrawing suddenly behind the closed door on his right, he still retained the spectrum of the President's form with sufficient distinctness to warrant a perfect aim. The eccentricity of the shot was due to the fact of Major Rathbone's opposition when the murderer first entered the box. If the latter intended to shoot the President then and there he was prevented by that opposition. To a friend, after the capture of Richmond, Booth said, on the night of the illumination:—"For my part I can't see why there should be such great rejoicing over the simple capture of Richmond. What I want, and I am as good a Union man as any one, is peace." Booth is said to have remarked to an acquaintance, a railroad conductor on the Washington and Baltimore Railroad, who inquired of him, about three weeks ago, why he did not resume his profession, that he had quit the stage and that his only desire now was to 'do something which the world would remember for all time."

THE LATE PRESIDENT AND HIS ASSASSIN.

From the New York Herald.

The personal relations existing before the murder between Booth and the President, augment the horror of the occurrence. Mr. Lincoln saw Booth play more than once, and particularly admired him. He once applauded him rapturously, and with all that genial heartiness for which he was distinguished. Booth, when told of the President's delight, said to his informant that he would rather have the applause of a negro. The President had never spoken with Booth, but wished to make his acquaintance, and said so. Booth evaded the interview, yet he knew Mr. Lincoln thoroughly well so far as his whereabouts and appearance were concerned, but never appreciated the President's good nature and personal benevolence.

CARD FROM MANAGER FORD.

As my name has been unhappily associated with the deplorable tragedy which has plunged the nation in sorrow, a brief statement is due the public—especially to those with whom I am personally acquainted.

Entertaining the highest respect and reverence for President Lincoln, I long ago placed the State box in my theatre in Washington at his command whenever he might see fit to attend the exhibitions; and of this privilege he has occasionally availed himself. On Tuesday, April 11, imperious filial duty constrained me to go to Richmond, and I had, and could have no connection, either in general or detail, with what transpired in Washington from that time forward.

John Wilkes Booth, the assassin, was not a member of my company, and had no engagement with me for over a year. As an actor who had attained some prominence in his profession, and was not suspected of evil intent would have had, he had the *entree* of my theatre; and of this privilege he availed himself to perpetrate the infamous crime which no one less suspected, with which no one had less sympathy, which no one would have done more to prevent, which no one more deeply deplores than I; yet that it should have taken place in a building under my control will always add poignancy to the regret which I feel in common with my countrymen.

I have been surprised and pained to learn that since this event some persons, to whom my unwavering loyalty must be well known, have yet sought to place an unjust construction upon the fact that a rebel band had played at my theatre in Baltimore. That band came to me in Baltimore accredited as prisoners who had taken the oath of allegiance, and had performed at the War Department and at Grover's Theatre in Washington. Before receiving them I conferred with the military authorities, and engaged the band with their knowledge and full concurrence. They were instructed to play, and did play, the national airs, and played no Southern air or tune which could be construed as expressive of Southern sentiments or sympathies, except "Lixie," which our now lamented President had just proclaimed a "captured tune." It was designed but as a spectacle of captive musicians presenting a "captured tune," and as a gratification to loyal citizens. With such I have always acted, and to such this brief explanation, made at the earliest possible moment after my arrival home this morning, is due. Such can partially appreciate (I pray they may never fully know), the painful embarrassment in which this foul crime has placed me. JOHN T. FORD.

BALTIMORE, April 18, 1865.

MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

James L. Chapman, son of Sheriff Chapman of Pittsfield, Mass., says the Boston *Advertiser*, bears so strong a resemblance to the assassin Booth, that he was stopped three times while traveling on Wednesday, and made to establish his identity.

BOOTH BREAKS HIS LEG.

A despatch from Washington, dated April 23, says that circumstances which have come to the knowledge of the Government render it nearly certain that Booth's horse fell with him on Friday night (14th inst.), and, it is believed, caused a fracture of one of his legs. It is also reported that he has divested himself of his moustache.

THE RING.

Boxing Gloves, "Extras," $6 a Set of 4.

Boxing Illustrated, with Heenan and Sayers' positions, 15c.
Sparring, "The Art" explained, 136 pages, 12 cuts, 50 cents
Dead Boxer; or, The Secret Blow, illustrated, 20 cen's.
American Fistiana, or Prize Fighting in the U. S., 35 cents.
Sent by mail or express anywhere on receipt of price. Address distinctly KEYSTONE SPECIAL AGENCY,
Mount Vernon street,
Philadelphia, Pa.
3 1t*

THE MIKE HENRY CUTTING AFFRAY.

ADDITIONAL PARTICULARS—CONDITION OF THE WOUNDED MAN.

THAT we live in troublous times was never more fearfully realized than during the few weeks just past, and if things continue in this state, the sooner every man becomes his own policeman the better 'twill be, until the murderous assassins are put in places "that shall know them no more." It is not enough for a solitary individual to be sent with all his crimes thick upon his head to the bed of the river, as was done with a sympathiser of the assassin Booth on a late trip from this to our sister city, or to send half a dozen insignificant wretches to the Penitentiary for rejoicing over the death of the Nation's Chief, while the leading conspirators are allowed full swing—something more than this is required if we would kill the vile reptile of rebellion instead of merely scotching it. The fact that our beloved President has been cut off when even his worst enemies were beginning to appreciate him, and his assassin thus far escaped arrest, encourages vile and vicious characters to resort to the knife and pistol out of mere love to gratify their bad natures. In the limited circle of sporting men, we are called upon from time to time to chronicle shooting and knifing affrays, the victims being generally prize fighters, dozens of whom we could enumerate, although we cannot place our finger on a single boxer who has added to his other misfortunes the crime of wilful murder. Only last week we referred to a case in point, where Michael Henry, as civil and well behaved a young man as any body would wish to know, was assaulted by a big, burly ruffian with a knife or razor, and an attempt made to hurry him into eternity. These things wouldn't occur if a few examples were made of such desperadoes, but as long as heaven and earth are almost moved in behalf of a murderer, while his victim and those left behind, totally unprovided for, are almost wholly forgotten, we cannot see much chance of a better state of affairs.

THE particulars which have come to our notice since our last concerning the Mike Henry stabbing affray are as follows: The would-be murderer, John Downey (and not Donnelly, as was printed last week), is a man nearly six feet high, a powerfully built fellow, and has rather a hard look. He lived over Henry's saloon, and, whenever he got full of gin rot-gut he used to enter the place and abuse everybody within his reach, until ejected from the house by the proprietor, who told him, time and time again, that he might abuse him as much as he liked, but must not disturb his customers. On the night of the attack, Saturday, April 15th, Mike went into the oyster saloon on York near Fulton street, Brooklyn, kept by A. & H. Jacobs, and sat down at a table, ordering an oyster stew. Downey, among others, was at the bar, and was somewhat intoxicated, and what afterwards occurred can best be learned from the victim's own statement, taken from his own lips, at the City Hospital, Brooklyn:

As Henry sat down, he says, Downey came up to him and commenced some abuse. He told Downey to go away, as he did not want to have anything to say to him. Upon hearing this controversy, Mr. Ames came forward and said to Henry, this man (pointing to Downey) has been "nogging" us all the evening. Downey then got into an altercation with the party at the bar, and, some high words ensuing, one of them struck Downey. Henry then cried out, "Oh! don't strike the man; he isn't worth it; he hasn't game enough to strike back." Jacobs, the proprietor, then interfered, and put Downey out of the house. Henry says he gave himself no concern, and was leaning his head upon his hand, when the door opened and Downey entered again. Henry says he heard the barkeeper cry out "look out! Downey's got a knife," and almost instantly he felt a sharp, quick sensation on the neck. He put his hand up to his neck, and his hand entered the wound, and the blood was flowing freely. Downey then made another thrust at him, when the crowd interfered, Mr. Ames receiving a severe cut on the hand in so doing. Henry was taken to the station-house, where his wounds were dressed by Drs. Cochran and McFarland, and from there to the City Hospital, where he now is.

Henry is still at the Hospital, and, it is thought, will not be removed for some weeks to come, but he is getting along as favorably as his friends could wish. The wound is not so dangerous as was at first supposed, but had the razor penetrated a little further, the jugular vein would have been severed. He appears to be in pretty good spirits, and only expresses sorrow at the publicity which the affair must necessarily obtain. Mr. Henry was a peaceable, quiet and inoffensive man, always good-natured, with nothing of the bully or of belligerency about him. The police particularly speak of his place as being the most quiet in their precinct.

AN APPEAL IN BEHALF OF HUGH RILEY.—We have been unable to learn what has become of the proceeds of the ball given in behalf of Hugh Riley, or whether enough was realized to carry out the original object. If there was not, by the committee dropping us a line, stating how matters stand, we shall be enabled to see our way a little clearer and know what course of action to pursue. It is no use of any further dilly-dallying—if, as his friends assert, a certain amount of money is necessary to procure his release, that can be raised easy enough; but if not, the matter might as well drop. Those conversant with all the merits and demerits of the case, can in a few hours ascertain from some high legal authority whether his release can be procured or not, and among the thousands whom Riley has befriended we cannot call to mind the name of one man who is working for him, on account of the disconnected way they have of doing business. The sporting fraternity are well aware that when Hugh had the money an appeal was never made in vain, and the money spent by him in certain hotels on Broadway, Houston, and other streets, to say nothing of the hundreds laid out at the bars of public houses on the road, ought to be appreciated, or there is little principle shown by those who pretended to be such great friends of his. As a backer of pugilists, all know his liberality, and these same men only want a chance to show that they are not as forgetful as some others, but they don't want to go to a lot of trouble for nothing until everything is made plain and above board—then we shall see what we shall see. Those who wish the good work to go on will communicate with us at once, and our word for it, whatever other faults he may have, Riley will not prove unrateful when he can be of service to those who desire to help him now. Since the proposition of a friend in Canada who is willing to contribute $200 or $300, provided everything is right, we have received nothing further in regard to the subject, but trust that this is not the last of it.

DUEL IN NEVADA TERRITORY.—Charley Safford, *alias* Handsome Charley, and Boss Fouke, two sporters not unknown to fame, inaugurated the spring season in Virginia City, N. T., with an exciting shooting match, according to the Code of Honor. The difficulty originated in a music hall on the evening of March 9th, when some hard language passed, and Fouke drew his pistol and dared Charley to fight. Late in the evening Safford sent his friend, Louis La Page, to Fouke with a challenge, to fight him. Fouke accepted the challenge, and articles of blood were drawn and signed, and 5 o'clock next afternoon, March 10th, was the time appointed for the duel. About 3 o'clock, the principals and seconds left Virginia City for the scene of action, on the Gulla Grade, four miles from the city. On arriving on the ground, the preliminaries were arranged, the weapons (Navy six-shooters) loaded and placed in the hands of the principals. Fouke won the word and position, the ground was measured, 10 paces, and the principals took their respective places; Safford was seconded by Louis La Page and Jimmy Finegan, Fouke by Jack McNabb and Dr. Colombo. When the word was given, "Are you ready?" an affirmative response was given in a clear firm voice from both. Then came the ominous "One—two—three—fire." Both fired almost simultaneously. Fouke was hit on the first round, but they both kept on firing till all the loads, 12 in number, were exhausted. Fouke got hit on the right breast; the bullet passing through the fleshy part, entered the left breast, and came out under the left arm. All the parties returned to Virginia City the same evening, and buried the hatchet in the glorious vintage. The Grand Jury subsequently found a bill against the party, and Sharin Clark arrested nearly all hands, but they are now out on bail.

BENEFIT TO CHARLEY LYNCH THE POCKET HERCULES.—In looking over our London exchanges we see that Pastey Reardon and Dan Thomas are trying very hard to get on a match, and this brings to mind a train of ideas. Big John Woods, you know, fought George King, and George King fought Patsey Reardon, and now Reardon wants to fight Dan Thomas, the same who gave battle to little Lynch. If it took Dan Thomas nearly two hours to lick Lynch, and Dan thinks he can fight Patsey Reardon, it is like pitting the little American Achilles against the six foot Boston boxer, according to the rule of three, or whatever rule applies to this particular case, and goes for to show of what sort of stuff the stunted New Yorker is made. The next thing we want to call your attention to is the mammoth boxing tournament to be given in behalf of Lynch at the Stuyvesant, on Wednesday, the 3d of May, when such light weights are expected to be seen as were never seen before. The *debut* of Charley's two boys, the Commodore and Lieutenant-General, aged respectively, 3 and 6 years, who are the image of their father, and no mistake, and about half the size of their illustrious dad, in a rattling glove fight, will in itself create a commotion, as the kids are complete masters of the art, and "run wid der macheen." Then it is very likely that Young Drew, the newly arrived British boxer, who, we believe, fought Porter, Young Dutch Sam, and others, will set to with some likely young fellow for his friend Lynch. Besides all this, it is expected that most of the performers at the Hickey and Ford jamboree will put in an appearance, and at the low price of admission, 50 cents, nobody entertains a doubt but that the house will be full.

A NEW ARRIVAL.—Young Drew, who fought and defeated some clever boxers in the Old Country, arrived in this city per City of Baltimore. It is expected or him to be at Lynch's benefit, as he is an old friend of Charley's.

GONE TO HIS LONG HOME.—Tom McCoy, the popular ex-landlord of the White House, 113 Grand street, expired at his residence in this city last week and was buried on the 20th inst. Mr. McCoy was a good-natured, fatherly, sociable man, and his death will be sincerely regretted by all who knew him, and his friends were legion. He bought out the White House from Charley White, the nigger minstrel, and sold out the same to Messrs. Saunders and Coburn.

SPECULATING IN OIL.—Harry Hill, the wrestler and club swinger, has invested in petroleum stock, and if it realizes his expectations he intends to sell out and retire from the business of a publican.

LITTLE MIL BETWEEN VIRGINIANS.—Nat. Small and Joe Phelps, residents of Virginia City, N. T., "At a fight" on St. Patrick's eve for $25 a side, about a quarter of a mile from the city, which lasted 7 minutes, in which time 4 rounds were got through when the Small man, Nat. was declared the victor.

SETTLING DAY AT REESE RIVER.—Denny O'Reilley and Jim Stewart, two Emeralders working near Chinatown, Cal., fell out about something or other on the 12th of March, and being pretty clever on the muscle, they resolved to settle it by a fight according to the Rules of the Ring. The mill is described as having been a very spirited affair. At the fourteenth round Stewart was knocked out of time, and O'Reilley proclaimed victor. Both parties were considerably punished.

A NICE PRESENT.—Paddy Keenan, the influential and spirited South-Brooklynite, has presented Denny Clare, the American Boy, son and heir to Monsieur Philip Clare, with a beautiful pair of painted and varnished Indian Clubs, weighing six pounds each. The design painted thereon is both original and unique, embodying the harp, shamrock, and other symbols of Erin's Isle, and is a pretty souvenir of the friendship between the Keenans and Clares. Little Denny feels as proud as ever Daniel O'Connell did on any of his great festivals.

SCRIMMAGE IN GREENPOINT.—Ed. McGoldrick, formerly of Philadelphia, and Charley Cornwell, a Williamsburgher, fought at cock-crow on the 15th inst., not a thousand miles from Tom Chaffers', at catch weight for $100 a side, and Mac proved too many guns for Charley by knocking him hotsem end up in 21 rounds, 55 minutes. Tom Commoskey seconded McGoldrick, while Donnelly was behind Cornwell.

TOMMY MEAKIN IN CHANCERY.—For the past three or four months the Brooklyn "bootcher" (as the head of the Brown family would say) has been missing at his old haunts, and few knew where to locate him. We had lost sight of him entirely, and were startled when we learned of his present whereabouts, to wit, under bolts and bars in Wilmington jail, North Carolina. The circumstances connected with his confinement are as follows: About the middle of February, Tommy left for Hilton Head to try and get employment, and not liking that place, went to Charleston, but here again luck was against him, and he failed in getting suitable employment. He then tried to ship on board a transport—again things went against him, the crew being full. Learning that the vessel was bound for New York, whither he was anxious to return, and being short of funds, there was nothing left but for Meakin to hide away, which he did. Instead of coming to this city, the transport put in at Wilmington, N. C., where a file of soldiers came on board, searched the ship, arrested him on suspicion of being a deserter, and locked him up in jail, where he now lies incarcerated. As efforts are being made with the Provost Marshal to give Tommy a hearing, and as we are of opinion that he was never either in the army or navy, there are hopes that he will soon be released and amongst us once more.

JIM DUNN'S BENEFIT POSTPONED TILL WEDNESDAY THE 26TH.—To show that the sporting community sympathise as sincerely as any other class of our citizens with the family and relations of our late noble-hearted, and generous Chief Magistrate, the testimonial to James Dunn has been postponed from Monday the 24th till Wednesday the 26th inst., or until the last sad rites to our lamented President have been performed by the citizens of New York. On the 26th, however, the Stuyvesant will be reopened, and those having tickets will only have to keep them two days longer, when they will be just as good as ever. Mr. Keenan, of South Brooklyn, had a consultation with the proprietor of the Hall, and he, in a like spirit of magnanimity, willingly agreed to the postponement. No new bills will be issued, so our readers will understand the nature of the postponement without further notice. Above all things go and see Nunan and Fox settle their old dispute, and witness the wind-up between Joe Coburn and Dunn.

THE RING IN ST. LOUIS—STEVE O'DONNELL LICKS JOHNNY LAFFERTY.—The sporting residents of the Mound City improvised a mill on the 18th inst., between Steve O'Donnell and Johnny Lafferty, for some time residents in the Crescent City, but since the war broke out they have been best known to the sports of St. Louis. Stephen is turned twenty-eight, and has had some experience in the pummelling line, having fought Jerry Donoven on Metairie Course, April 8, 1860, 86 rounds in 90 minutes; and Harry Bell in the City Park, New Orleans, May 7, 1861, 145 rounds—in both of which, however, he was the unfortunate loser. Lafferty is not the party who defeated Enoch Davis, Dillon, and fought a draw with Barny Ford—no, poor fellow he's been under the sod over seven years, but this Lafferty was a new candidate for fame, an untried novice, twenty-seven years of age. The party chartered the steamer Centralia, and left the foot of Carr-street, at 9 o'clock A M., bound for Eagle Island, above Alton, Ill., where they arrived at 11½ A M., and went to work rigging up a ring. The amount contested for was $200 a-side. After the appointment of judges and referee, the parties shook hands, and took their respective positions. They fought fifty two rounds, and every round except four Lafferty had his man down. Lafferty knocked O'Donnell down at least fifteen times. At the close of the fifty second and last round, O'Donnell's friends claimed that Lafferty struck a foul blow, which wound up the fight. Undoubtedly ten thousand dollars were staked on the contest. Some of the parties gave up their money, while others declined. To an outsider, Lafferty won the battle, but according to the rules of the prize ring it was given to O'Donnell. The fight lasted an hour and fourteen minutes.

A CHANCE FOR THE POUGHKEEPSIE.—WHO SHALL BE CHAMPION OF THE FEATHER WEIGHTS.—Since the memorable and spirited mill between Dick Hollywood, the Nonpariel, and Johnny Keating, the County Waterford Pet, but little has been done among the feather weights, and tired of this inactivity, Little Keating is again in the field, prepared to contest for the Championship, no matter of what country or creed, and thus speaks out according to Fistiana:—

BROOKLYN, April 22.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CLIPPER:—SIR:—Desirous of ascertaining who is entitled to the Feather Weights' Championship title, I beg to say that I am now open to fight any body in the country for not less than $1000 a side, but from that amount upwards, at 105 lbs., in three months from the first deposit, to decide the mooted question of the Championship of the Feather Weights. This challenge will remain open for two weeks. Any person by calling on me at Paddy Keenan's corner of Baltic and Columbia streets, Brooklyn, while these outside will please answer through the CLIPPER. Yours, etc., JOHN KEATING.

TOOK THE BOUNTY BUT GOT TRIPPED UP.—Charley Fagan's boot and shoe shop, in Centre street, is closed, the goods and chattles having been disposed of by auction to pay rent, etc. Folks who ought to know, say that just before recruiting stopped in this city, the "Manchester Lad" listed, took the bounty, afterwards made an escapade, and subsequently got "copped to rights"—that's what's the matter with Fagan. We thought he had more common sense.

SIR WILLIAM CLARKE has not made up his mind about what he intends doing yet awhile, but is on the look out for some country residence to buy out entirely. He has his eye on a snug little spot on Staten Island, and if he gets it, property will go up like a rocket, as Clarke makes business wherever he goes.

GRINDELL vs. GRIFFIN.—THE SOLDIER BOY'S REPLY.

THE challenge from Jimmy Griffin, of Boston, to John Grindell, of this city, which appeared last week, has elicited a response from the Champion, which sets aside for the present all prospects of a match between them. The public in general were aware that since Grindell joined the Union Army nearly three years ago, he has not only had much exposure to contend with, but was wounded several times—twice that we know of—once in the body and once in his left leg, for the latter of which he is now an invalid in one of the hospitals in this city, under medical treatment. But let John speak for himself:

SOLDIERS HOSPITAL, COR. 51ST STREET AND LEXINGTON AVE., April 22d.

FRIEND QUEEN: In looking over the CLIPPER of last week, I was a little surprised at finding a challenge from James Griffin to run me a ten mile race, as I thought that he, as well as the majority of your readers, was aware of my present circumstances. Nothing would give me greater pleasure than to have a brush with Mr. Griffin or any other pedestrian in the country, but as I am not my own master the thing is impossible. On the 27th of August, 1862, I joined the Army as a Union Volunteer, for three years, and during that time I have not escaped scot free, or I shouldn't be where this letter is dated from. Of my wounds I do not complain, remember, when thousands have died a martyr's death on the battle field, or been starved to death in rebel prisons, but only make this statement to show how impossible it is for me to accommodate Mr. Griffin. It is not to be supposed that were I well enough to go into a course of training the Army regulations would admit of it for a moment, but, on the contrary, in such a state of affairs I should have to return to my regiment at the front, but as I am not well enough to do anything of the kind at present, owing to the wound in my left leg, further argument would be useless. If Mr. Griffin can afford to wait until my time expires, which will be on the 27th of August the current year, and give me a reasonable time after that to train, unless a relapse sets in, I shall be only too happy to give him a chance in preference to all others. With much regret that I cannot make the match right away, I remain yours truly, JOHN GRINDELL.

BILLIARDS.

BRILLIANT BILLIARD DEMONSTRATION IN BOSTON.

M. CARME'S DEBUT IN THE MODERN ATHENS.

SKILFUL EXECUTION OF MASSE SHOTS.

M. Pierre Carme, the celebrated French billiard player, whose recent *debut* in New York created a great sensation in billiard circles, made his first appearance in Boston on Thursday the 20th inst., both in the afternoon and evening—in the afternoon, before the members of the press, and in the evening at a public exhibition. Both exhibitions were held at Bumstead Hall, Winter street, and the attendance in the evening was quite large. Some years since M. Claudius Berger, another accomplished French billiard-player, visited this country, and astonished everybody by his wonderful command over the little ivory *spheres*, obtained more especially by the *masse* shot, which is executed by a downward stroke with the cue upon the upper half of the ball. M. Carme outdoes M. Berger. In criticising his execution, the Boston *Herald* says: "He performs all that his fat countryman performed, and much more—playing both the *masse* and the horizontal shots with a degree of perfection never before witnessed in this country. Under his skilful manipulation, the cue causes the balls to perform seeming impossibilities. He will cause the cue-ball to fly some distance up the table, and then, without touching any other ball or cushion, to return and carom upon the balls which are placed at some distance in the rear of the cue-ball's original position. Another shot is to place two balls in the corners at the ends of the table, and then, by playing first upon one, to cause the cue-ball to take a serpentine course along the side-cushion, the whole length of the table, to the second ball. All of M. Berger's hat-tricks he executed with the greatest ease, and adds several remarkable ones of his own. Placing a ball in a hat on the table, he carooms by causing his own ball to jump into the hat after striking the first ball. He executes a similar shot by causing his ball to jump into the hat while the latter is held in a horizontal position twelve or fifteen inches above the table. These shots are, of course, made by the horizontal stroke. One shot which he denominates the "chase," consists in sending one ball around the table and caroming by means of the *masse*, the cue-ball flying off from the first ball in pursuit of the other. Another singular feat, which, like the last mentioned, may with truth be termed "billiards on the wing," he performed on Thursday afternoon. Sending a ball forcibly against the upper cushion, he strikes it with equal force on its rebound, and causes it to stop inside a given circle without again touching the cushion.

THE THEATRICAL RAMBLES
OF
MR. AND MRS. JOHN GREENE,
With Sketches of Popular Actors and Actresses,
FROM 1812 TO 1863.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, BY CHARLES DURANG.

CHAPTER X.

SEASON IN NEW ORLEANS—A FRIEND IN NEED—NOVEL THEATRICAL PERFORMANCES—LITTLE MARIAN RUSSELL—TOM PLACIDE, FAILURE—STUCK IN THE MUD—FURIOUS TRAVELLING—MRS. BLOXTON, &c., &c.

On one of these occasions, when she had done everything that lay in her power for her husband's relief during her necessary absence at the theatre, on leaving the room she took leave of him almost insensible form, but with little hope of finding him alive on her return. She summoned all her energies to perform her part; the excitement of her heavy task of labor seemed for awhile to deaden the recollection of her miseries, and the gaieties of the theatre obliterated the sympathy of her associates; she went through her part with mechanical labor, but in the recesses of the acts her distresses asserted sway; nature will break forth in despite of all things. In these pauses of the play she withdrew to a remote corner behind the scenes, and there gave way to her griefs. Young Forrest observed her distress, and asked her kindly the cause of her sorrows, not knowing that poor Greene was supposed to be so near his end. The sympathies so warmly expressed by Forrest only redoubled her anguish of heart. It sunk more deeply into its throes, as it was unexpected. Forrest's feelings were deeply wrought upon. "Be comforted," said he; "he may get over this attack. The crisis of the disorder may have passed and he still live But, should the worst occur, I beg of you, dear madam, to look upon me as your friend. Whatever pecuniary means should be found necessary to restore you to your friends, as far as my means extend, look to me." These words in season at once cheered up her depressed spirits. She returned to her home this night with renovated hope. She joyfully found the crisis of the fever passed, and her husband, as it were, restored to life. Never did either of them forget the friendship so disinterestedly proffered from the young actor. Mr. Greene slowly recovered and resumed his situation in the company. In after days he used to refer to this act of Forrest's with the warmest eulogies. At this period Mr. Alexander Wilson and Mr. William Forrest engaged in the company. The melo-drama of the "Cataract of the Ganges" was brought out with success. Edwin Forrest played the minor part of Colonel Mordaunt, which looms in the piece more from situation than acting elements. His fine manly figure and youthful expression of features, dressed in a rich British uniform, when he appeared at the back of the stage, invariably brought down showers of applause before he uttered a word The first night he appeared in New York at the Park Theatre as "Othello," for Jacob Woodhull's benefit, ere he spoke a word he enlisted the admiration of the audience, as evoked from his remarkably handsome person. Mr. Caldwell hit upon a novel excitement, performing Pizarro with a nightly change of the principal characters. The male principals were Caldwell, Wilson, and Edwin Forrest. The female characters, Elvira and Cora, by Miss Jane Placide, Mrs. Battersby and Mrs. Waring. Mr. Caldwell played Rolla the first night, Pizarro the second night, and Alonzo the third.

E. Forrest took Alonzo the first night, and made quite a hit; in Pizarro the second night; and on the third night he capped the climax with Rolla, obtaining the verdict in his favor in the three parts of the three degrees of adverbial comparison of well, better, and best. His Rolla was superlative, and astonished the Orleanists, as well as the oldest actors among this *troupe*, who threw all professional prejudice and jealousy aside, a rare thing for ancients of the stage to do. The palm of victory was awarded to Miss Placide in Elvira over Mesdames Waring and Battersby. She possessed splendid talents It is a pity she was so short-lived—dying ere she had reached the meridian of her glory, while Forrest's countrymen have crowned him with laurels perennial, and with a medal given by Chancellor McCoum. This inscribed on the obverse, his bust in profile, surmounted by the words, "*Histrione optimo, Edwino Forrest, viro præstante;*" on the reverse, a figure of the genius of tragedy, with the significant text from Shakespeare:—

"Great in mouths of wisest censure
For useful mirth and salutary woe."

In my boyhood's days this motto attracted my attention in the old Chestnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia. It was painted over what is called the proscenium, in front of the green curtain; I confess I was at a loss then to understand its meaning, but my attendance at the theatres since the advent of our actors has cleared up the mysterious sentence to my mind. Looking on the quotation as a motto, or text, or whatever it may be termed, I cannot call to mind anything in the shape of a preface so truly indicative of the subject, or matter to which it points. I have more than once within the past season, after witnessing the dramatic performances at our theatres, asked myself, can it be that these are the exhibitions against which the over pious keep up such an unceasing warfare, while I must say I can see nothing irreligious or immoral in their tendency?

The season at New Orleans was far advanced when the benefits were commenced. Forrest selected for his benefit "King Lear," the first time of his performance of that character. That day may be remembered by all who were there for the fall of one of those cataract rains so common to New Orleans, and seldom seen elsewhere, except in the tropics. It poured in torrents on this day of Forrest's benefit—a perfect Niagara deluge! The streets were for a few hours almost impassable; and notwithstanding the vast popularity of this young actor, and a strong desire universally expressed to see him in this new *role*, the house proved very poor.

Mr. Richard Russell's young daughter, Marian Russell, began to be very attractive as Little Pickle, Tom Thumb, Babes in the Wood, &c., her brother Richard playing the opposite parts with much cleverness, although so young he could not speak very plain. When *petite* Marian was playing the Spoiled Child, her mother was standing at the wings during the affecting scene where he takes leave of his father and aunt; the child sang with much feeling the parting song, took out a tiny pocket handkerchief, crying in the most natural manner, and sobbed till the tears were seen coursing down her cheeks, while she wiped the drops away with her delicate little fabric. This might be said to be nature's flowings in reality. Her mother exultingly exclaimed: "That idea has emanated from herself; I never taught her that!"

Marian Russell has become one of our most popular American actresses on the stage, remarkable for great spirit and effective acting. She married Mr. Geo. Farren, himself a sterling actor of merit, now deceased. Mrs. Farren has recently introduced to the stage a very beautiful and accomplished daughter, Miss Fanny Fitz Farren, who as a light comedy actress bids fair to be as popular and successful as her talented mother has proved in the melo-dramatic line.

Thomas Placide, then a thin stripling of a lad, made his first appearance at the New Orleans Theatre as the Bleeding Captain in "Macbeth," and truly he made a signal failure. The blank verse of the wounded officer was so choked up with stage fright that he could not give it utterance; from the painful disturbance of his mind his tongue came to a dead halt! He seemed "unseamed from the nave to the chaps" in power of speech. The turged tongue of tragedy was not his *forte*. All celebrated comic actors commence their trade with the serious muse or did so in former days, and the highest talent in the profession has ever, it is said, commenced its career in signal failure. Thomas Placide is now one of our best comedians.

The season came to a close, and Mr. Alexander Wilson, once a sea captain, a merchant, an actor, an aspiring star, and lastly a manager of various theatres, organized this second company of itinerants, to which worthy schemes Mr. and Mrs. Greene attached themselves. The company was notified to send their baggage on board the steamboat La Belle Creole, then lying at the *levee*, the evening before the day of departure. It was necessary for the passengers to embark immediately, as the vessel start by the dawn of the next morning

The commander of this rather crack craft was Capt. Jackson. Like his frail and rickety steamer, he was rather rapscallish, splenetic, and oblivious, but yet of a jolly turn. He had all the characteristics of a longshore Mississippian. The recent rains had caused all the rivers in the State to rise greatly, and a perfect inundation of the bayous and swamps was the consequence. The floods had caused a crevice in the *levee* before the city, so that there was a great difficulty in getting the lady passengers on board; they had to walk the plank with the balanced steady of a tight rope dancer; however, the gallant Capt. Jackson cleverly acted as the balance pole. Some of the lady actresses played off some of their melo-dramatic starts, which upset the frail plank bridge, thereby giving the poor negro (who stood as a pier at the one end to keep it steady) an unexpected bath; the captain saved himself and the lady by a sudden spring on deck, with the fair one in his arms.

The company consisted of Wm. Forrest, Moses Scott, who was a Rip young Irishman, John Greene, Wilson the manager, &c., ladies—Mrs. Wilson, Mrs. Waring, Mrs. Bloxton, Mrs. Greene, Rosina Seymour, &c. Away they steamed up the river, visiting many of the tributaries of the Mississippi and their towns, which were rising like crops of mushrooms in all directions; many of them are now large and elegant cities.

In ascending the river, the water in some places became so shallow that the beautiful Creole put her foot, rather than her keel, so deep in the mud that she could not extricate it; and she became a river fixture, looking like a floating beacon with its expiring curling smoke from its extinguished light. She was fast anchored in the mud till another rise in the river could float her off. The cargo of biped live stock now became impatient of this stay of execution forward. They assembled in convention on the deck to inquire what was to be done in this dilemma. At a distance, through the mists of the morning, they perceived a boat, or something like it, wooding up. The thought occurred that they could reach her, and so avail themselves of her upward progress—it was at least a mile distant, and the monotonous scenery around them, with the fatal delay in reaching their destination, inspired the effort of a walk on the swampy alluvial soil, lined with dense canebrakes and stumps of trees. The stampede became general; the posse of all sexes and ages advanced towards the boat. Their exodus was very amusing indeed. This Thespian company, like a Grecian phalanx, with one accord and vigorous purpose, took their luggage, from heavy trunks to bundles, and small parcels, to the watery land; the males toted some of their trunks; the females and children the bundles and bandboxes. Away they perambulated, pell-mell through the canebrakes, over shootops, wading through the swampy soil

Thus this assembled crowd waded through the cane brakes of Tennessee, alternately stumbling, falling, crying, laughing, and the men sometimes swearing a little, it must be confessed They reached the spot where the boat was; she had just departed, to the despair of all. The boat was yet in sight, in hailing distance. A general yell was given in true Indian style; they shouted; they all hailed the upward bound boat! But in vain! it was all of no use, the commander heard them not, but steamed away the faster, and they were left to plod their weary and fatigued bodies, and disappointed hopes through the devious and miry river paths back to the "La Belle Creole," which they had quitted in disgust—as humble penitents they returned to the Creole which was hopelessly aground. Their last and only expedient of progress offered itself in a flat bottomed boat which was going up the stream, propelled in the primitive mode of oars and setting poles shod with an iron sharp point, like a ferule, at the bottom of it, and a shoulder piece for the man's shoulder for it to rest against, and thus by main physical power shove the boat along, a very tedious and wearisome process of ascending the western rivers. As a last resource the company embraced this slow, miserable water conveyance. In this snail like ascension of the river they would relieve the tedium by walking on the river's banks, and then resting again on the boat's gunwales. Mrs. Bloxton was formerly Mrs. Seymour, and was for many years a member of the Chestnut Street Theatre. She was a smart, dumpy, well-dressed little woman with a handsome, rosy English face, light flowing curls, with bright blue eyes; she was a useful vocal actress, with not much education except that learning which she acquired during a long career on the stage; and where intellect exists it is a very good and facile school to acquire correct language in. Her voice was an extensive soprano of great power, but no cultivation at all; for years she occupied a fair, nay a popular reputation as a singer Of course the merits of vocalism were then but little understood, so that Mrs. Seymour's "Soldier tired of war's alarms" was long esteemed a bravura of excellence among our musical amateurs. She was a character in her way. Being uneducated, her verbal blunders furnished much green-room chit-chat fun. She always judged the merits of parts by their length; having heard the word medical used, she caught the sound and said short parts were always medical. Many performers of short memories have the practice of writing on a small piece of paper the first words or line, placing it under the cuff of their garments, and thus slyly refer to it, unheeded by the audience. Mrs. Seymour's memory was so treacherous that she found it almost impossible to remember the first word of the verses of songs. She therefore resolved to write on the palm of her kid glove the first words of the first line. A talented person may have a bad memory, and the world has no right to lose the use of that talent if any remedy can be applied for the expedient to make it available. But her most inexcusable fault was her ignorant perversion of the text, which too often resulted in ignorant blunders of phraseology and pronunciation. In the musical farce of "The Agreeable Surprise," instead of saying as Laura, "Eugene's virtues have made me a proselyte," she quite innocently exclaimed: "Engene's virtues have made me a prostitute." Her husband "Count" Seymour, as he was called in joke, abounded in similar blunders on the stage. He was a cockney, and fully indulged in all aspirations and anti-aspirations of the H. In a tragedy he was once playing the office of a guard who was ordered to cut off some captive rebel's head, and then to conceal it The return of this execution should have been: "I severed his head from his body, and in an obscure spot disposed of it." He delivered the sentence thus: "I severed his ead from is body, hand hin a nobsere corner Hi disclosed hit." Count Seymour died about 1815, and his widow soon after married a silly pated young dandy of rather a good face and figure, fond of fashionable dress and paste jewelry. His name was Bloxton—he helped to make her unhappy by spending what she had saved up, and by his gallantries. He died, and she left the Philadelphia Theatre and went south, where she died.

CLOSE QUARTERS.

A Sea Sketch.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

The ship Clinton lay becalmed off the line, with her courses in the brails and her two jibs hauled down.

The sky was cloudless, and the rays of the noonday sun were so warm that they drew the pitch from the planks of the vessel and melted the tar upon the shrouds

The atmosphere was almost suffocating. The watch on deck could scarcely breathe, and the men forward were stretched upon the hatch and alongside of the bulwarks in nearly motionless attitudes, envied by a few of their shipmates who were at work in the main rigging, while every officer upon the quarter-deck lounged with his pipe in his mouth beneath an awning that had been 'rigged" in the fore part of the day.

The sound of the ship's bell, as its eight strokes vibrated upon the air, was at length heard, and the watch below came tumbling up to get their dinner. This was brought to them by the mulatto cook, Bill Moonshine, and consisted of salt junk, potatoes, and pea-soup in good quantity and quality, notwithstanding which the men grumbled.

"There's plenty of it, and it's cooked well," said Moonshine. "I don't see why you fellers should find fault."

"Why d——n me, but it's too hot!" growled an old sailor.

"Aye, ave," said another; "and there's no chance for it to cool in this weather."

"There ain't enough grease in the soup," said a third.

"Nor enough potatoes to eat with the meat."

"Cob him! cob the d——n lubber!" roared an old man-o'wars-man.

"It's too warm for that work," cried one of the last speaker's chums, "but we'll pay him off in his own coin."

And whiz! whiz! squash! squash! kerchunk! went half a dozen potatoes hurled against the head of the mulatto, who now commenced to beat a hasty retreat in the direction of the galley.

The assaulting party arose to pursue him, but he had not taken five steps, when he felt himself detained by the grasp of a strong hand. With a fierce oath he turned to meet the gaze of a young man, much inferior to him in size, but whose neat, compact form, broad shoulders, and confident determined face, proclaimed that their owner was not lacking either in strength or courage.

"Let go of me, Joe! Let go! Don't try to stop me unless you'd like a broken head, my lad!"

"Nay, but this is unjust!" replied the young man, still maintaining his hold of the other; "Moonshine did his best to prepare our dinner, and it isn't right, Tom, to beat him!"

"I am the best judge of that!" roared Tom, with a savage oath. "I intend to pummel him until he can't stand!"

"I request you not to do so," said Joe very quietly, but tightening his grasp as the other struggled to release himself; "I request it as a favor, Tom Blake."

"Let go of me, d—n you!" thundered the latter, raising his great fist as he spoke; "let go at once, or I'll break every bone in your body!"

"Promise me that you'll not molest the cook and I'll release you," answered Joe.

"Aye, aye, this is the way I'll promise!" yelled the infuriated Blake, as he aimed a furious blow at the temple of his little opponent.

The latter, however, dodged the enormous fist of the giant, and then with a quick movement caught his adversary by the waistbands with his disengaged hand and hurled him into the lee scuppers. Up rose Blake fairly foaming at the mouth with rage and mortification.

"You shall pay for this with your life!" he thundered, rushing towards his opponent like a wild bull.

But the old man o' war's man and several others interposed.

"Better cry quits and let the matter stand as it is," said one; "you tried to hit the lad, d'ye see, and he threw you!"

"No, no, I'll kill him—I'll crack his skull!" cried Tom, flourishing his fists about his head; "only let me get to him"

"Let him come if he chooses," said Joe, as he coolly threw himself into a pugilistic attitude; "I'm not afraid of him."

"It would never do—it's an unequal match!" cried one of the men.

"That point remains to be decided," retorted the young man. "I am not at all anxious to fight if Blake chooses to let the thing drop; but if he's inclined the other way I shan't run from him."

"Holloa there! no quarreling forward!" shouted the second mate from the quarterdeck, "its against the ship's rules! Lay out upon the boom both of you and unbend that jib!"

The two men started to obey the command; but the officer who had adopted this means to prevent the quarrel, soon perceived that he had committed a great blunder; for the wrathful Blake had scarcely gained the jib-boom, when he dashed his right fist full in the face of Joe, who was now directly opposite to him. The force of this unexpected blow was so great, that the youth was nearly thrown from his position; but recovering his balance by a powerful effort, he dealt his opponent such a tremendous "left-hander" upon the temple that the hold of the giant released from the boom and he fell senseless into the water.

The men on deck rushed to the bulwarks forward, and one of them immediately threw overboard the end of the jib downhaul. But Blake did not rise to clutch it, and an ominous murmur passed from man to man, which was checked, however, by another loud splash as little Joe dived into the sea.

One, two, three minutes passed away, and still neither of the men reappeared to the surface of the water; and the second mate now shook his head.

"A bad piece of business," he remarked, "and I fear it's all up with one both. Blake can't swim, I know, and I think he has caught hold of Joe under the water in such a manner that he can't get clear."

And scarcely had the mentor concluded when a number of little bubbles were observed upon the surface of the sea, and then several moments the water parted as the two men rose to the surface—the giant supported by the arm of his antagonist who had succeeded in catching a firm grasp of that part of the jacket just beneath the arm-pits.

Blake had in his turn received the mastery and so successfully it appeared completely to have overcome the gallantry inconsistence of his opponent as he was now striving to effect the rescue.

The last named individual had much difficulty in keeping the head of the drowning down under the water, and more than once fully and it seemed time in vain within a couple of fathoms of the end of the rope that had been thrown overboard by the seamen.

At this juncture, however, a cry of horror broke from the lips of the spectators, for the long, sharp fin of a shark was now observed a short distance to leeward of the ship, cleaving the water with a rapidity that must soon enable its owner to reach the spot occupied by the two men.

"Quick! quick! for God's sake!" shouted the second mate, addressing himself to Joe; "there's a shark close aboard o' you!"

"Aye, aye! Let Blake shift for himself!" yelled the mulatto, who had now joined the group; "let him take care of himself, and you swim for your own life, Joe!"

"No; d—n me, if I do!" gasped the brave youth. "I'll never leave a shipmate tha' can't swim in such a strait as this!"

"God help him, then!" exclaimed the old man-o'-war's-man, with tears in his eyes, "for the poor lad will be fixed sure enough, if he sticks to what he says."

"Aye, aye! there comes that greedy rascal as swift as an arrow," remarked the second mate, as he turned his eyes towards the shark; "he's only a few fathoms from 'em now! Quick! men, a handspike!" he added, turning to the crew.

The implement was placed in his hand, and lifting it high above his head, he hurled it with all his force at the ferocious monster. But the shark had evidently scented the blood that gushed from the wounded lip of little Joe, and the savage eagerness of the creature to secure its prey prevented it from heeding the splash of the handspike, which under different circumstances might have sufficed to turn it from its course. By this time, however, the young sailor had succeeded in gaining the rope with his burden, and he now commenced to secure it about the breast of the giant beneath his arm-pits.

This task was completed in a few seconds, and our hero then gave the word to his anxious shipmates above to haul.

While some of them were engaged in doing so, he seized another rope which had just been lowered to him; and half a dozen sturdy arms immediately commenced to pull him up.

He was not much more than a foot above the sea, however, when, looking downward, he saw the white belly of the shark directly under him, and beneath the surface of the water.

"Pull! my lads! for God's sake, pull!" he shouted; and even as he spoke, the ferocious monster leaped upward with a vindictive spring, and succeeded in grasping the bottom of the right leg of his pants with its sharp teeth!

Instinctively the young seaman gave his leg a quick jerk—the cloth parted—and with the woolen fragment in its mouth the monster dropped into the sea.

A moment afterwards the brave fellow gained the rail, and springing to the deck, he was welcomed with cheers and congratulations.

"Aye, aye!" exclaimed Tom Blake, pushing his way through the crowd and embracing his noble rescuer. "God bless you; and if I ever quarrel with such another man may I be hung upon the yard-arm. You have made me better and wiser than I ever was before."

ORIGIN OF THE SMALL POX.—The small pox is believed to have first appeared in Arabia in A. D. 579, about the time of the birth of Mohammed; and an Abyssinian army, which afterwards besieged Mecca was obliged to raise the siege in consequence of its ravages. Arabian physicians of the tenth century wrote about the disease, and various writers discussed it during the following centuries, though Boerhave was the first who insisted that contagion was necessary to its propagation.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

To Correspondents.

PROF. GEO. ALLEN, Philad'a.—Have addressed you by mail.

THEO. M. BROWN, St. Louis.—Very glad to hear from you, and the games are most acceptable. The problem is a curiosity—equal to that Q-move in which a "feller" Kunged a P, or castled perpendicularly. Have you looked at that 4-move again?

CHAS. C. BARNES, Canajoharie.—T. M. B. acknowledges the receipt of the photo., and hints at the probability of a reciprocation on some future day.

T. TRAVILLA, Millville, N. J.—Our most masterly Enigma, No. 469, is correct in every particular, and you should not be discouraged at having to "cave" over a problem that has baffled a majority of the connoisseurs of both hemispheres. Its explication runs thus:—1..K Kt to B 5th. P × Kt; 2..Q Kt–Q sq; and 3..Q mates. If 1..P to K Kt 4; 2..Kt–K Kt 4 +; and 3..Q mates. There are, apparently, other but weaker variations.

J. F. S.—New Milford, Ct.—We have forwarded you a list of all the duplicate chess cuttings we now have on hand.

ALLEN'S LIFE OF PHILIDOR.—This work we find altogether excellent, and a book which no one who "venerates the great shade," can or will be without. Prof Allen has done for this great but hitherto obscure subject what Dr. Forbes, in the broader field, has accomplished for the History of Chess. The style is at once lucid and graceful, the arrangement perfect, and the citation of proofs and collation of authorities satisfactory. There is just enough of anecdote and gossip to relieve and vivify what would otherwise be the dullness of mere narration. The typography is magnificent, the orthography correct, and the proof-reading unexceptionable. 8vo., pp. XII + 1—156. $1 25. E. H. Butler & Co., Philadelphia.

Enigma No. 477.

"A difficult and pleasing position."—*Era.*

BY HERR ROESSLER, ST. PETERSBURG.

at his R 3, her 3, Q R 8, K R sq, K 3, K Kt 4th.

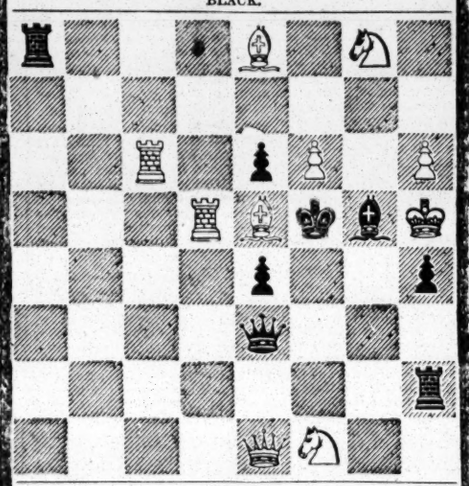
at his B 6, K 5, Q 7, K Kt 4, K Kt 6, K R 7th.

White to play and compel Black to mate him in five moves.

Problem No. 477.

BY THEO. M. BROWN.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White bribes Quantrell to take him in four marches.

Game No. 477.

Very brief skirmish, "Miron" giving "Phania" the Q R.

SCOTCH GAMBIT.

Attack, Miron.	Defence, Phania.	Attack, Miron.	Defence, Phania.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	6..Castles	K Kt × P
2..K Kt–B 3	Q Kt–B 3	7..K R–K sq	Q B–B 4
3..P–Q 4	K P × P	8..K Kt–his 5	Q Kt–K 4
4..K B–B 4	P–Q 3	9..K Kt × Kt	Q Kt × B
5..P–Q B 3	K Kt–B 3	10..Kt–B 6 + +, and mate. (a)	

(a) It is but justice to "Phania" to state that, during the present season, she has completely mastered these odds at our hands, at several of our favorite attacking openings, and at general play comes off at least even; but the "Scotch Gambit" presented a weapon of offence we had not used for a long time. Given to amuse beginners.

CHEQUERS.

To Draught Players.

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To Correspondents.

J. MCGREGOR, Winooski, Vt.—Single Corner received; also, position, for which receive our thanks.

NOBODY, Philadelphia.—Received your note. O. K. Shall be glad to receive them.

A BEGINNER.—Will examine and report soon.

A. J. F., Geneva, N. Y.—For some cause one move on each side was left out. Game 64, var. 1, 25th move, read 22 to 17, 9 to 11, 3 to 7, &c., and Black wins.

AMATEUR, Fall River, Mass.—Our correspondents, Edmund J. MacGregor, A. J. F., and J. McIntosh, each say that if Position No. XII, is correct, it can be drawn.

A. REID, Glasgow, Scotland.—Letter received. Will expect the match game by the next steamer.

DRAUGHTS IN SCOTLAND.—The Draught Match between Dewar and Busby, played at Glasgow, last month, has been decided, by Dewar being the victor. Dewar won 4 games, Busby won 1, and 9 drawn.

Game No. 3.--Vol. XIII.

FIFTY-NINTH GAME of the Championship Match of Great Britain.

LAIRD AND LADY.

Wylie, Black.	Martins, White.	Wylie, Black.	Martins, White.
1..11 to 15	23 to 19	50..31 to 27	25 to 21
2..8 11	22 17	51..27 31	21 17
3..9 13	17 14	52..32 27	17 14
4..10 17	21 14	53..27 32	14 10
5..15 18	(a) 24 20	54..31 27	10 7
6..6 10	27 24	55..32 28	7 2
7..10 17	26 22	56..28 32	2 7
8..17 26	31 8	57..32 28	7 10
9..4 11	19 16	58..28 32	10 14
10 12 19	24 8	59 27 31	14 17
11..8 12	25 22	60..32 27	17 21
12..7 10	28 24	61..27 32	21 25
13..5 9	24 19	62..32 27	25 30
14..9 14	29 25	63..27 32	15 10
15..2 7	32 28	64..32 27	10 14
16..14 17	22 18	65..27 32	14 17
17..17 22	25 21	66..32 27	18 14
18..22 26	18 14	67..27 32	14 9
19..10 17	21 14	68..32 28	9 13
20..26 29	19 15	69..31 27	30 26
21..18 17(b)	15 10	70..28 24	26 31
22..7 11	10 7	71..27 32	17 14
23..11 15	7 2	72..24 19	22 26
24..15 18	2 7	73..19 24	26 30
25..17 22	14 10	74..32 28	14 18
26..18 23	7 11	75..24 20	13 17
27..22 26	11 15	76..20 16	18 15
28..26 31	10 7	77..28 24	17 22
29..23 27	7 2	78..16 19	15 18
30..27 32	2 7	79..19 16	18 23
31..32 27	(c)15 18	80..16 11	23 18
32..27 32	7 10	81..11 7	18 23
33..31 27	18 22	82..24 28	23 27
34..27 31	22 24	83..7 2	31 26
35..32 28	24 19	84..28 32	27 24
36..28 24	10 15	85..32 28	23 19
37..24 27	19 16	86..28 32	24 28
38..19 19	15 24	87..2 6	19 23
39..27 32	24 19	88..6 9	(d)23 27
40..32 27	20 16	89..32 23	28 19
41 27 32	16 11	90..9 14	19 15
42..31 27	11 7	91..14 10(e)	15 6
43..32 28	7 2	92..1 10	28 24
44..27 31	2 7	93..10 14(f)	24 27
45..28 32	7 10	94..14 17	27 23
46..32 28	10 14	95..17 21	23 18
47..28 32	14 18	96..29 25	30 26
48..32 27	19 15	97..25 29	18 22
49..27 32	30 25	98..21 25	26 30

Martins won.

(a) The variation. None of the authorities play this.
(b) Wylie could have drawn easily here.
(c) Martins has a strong position.
(d) Martins has played this in beautiful style.
(e) Wylie evidently made a miscalculation here; we think he could have drawn the game.
(f) He has the move, but can't draw.

Solution of Position No. 3--Vol. XIII.

BY A. J. F.

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1..18 to 14	13 to 31	8..19 to 23	16 to 14
2..14 7	31 24	9..20 16	22 25
3..12 28	3 10	10..23 26	14 17
4..28 3	5 9	11..26 23	25 29
5..3 7	9 14	12..16 11	29 25
6..7 16	14 18	13..23 18	25 29
7..16 19	18 22	14..18 14, and wins.	

Solution of Position No. 4.--Vol. XIII.

BY JAMES WYLIE.

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1..12 to 8	3 to 12	4..32 to 16	30 to 23
2..30 26	21 30	5..6 2	12 19
3..27 23	18 27	6..2 27, and wins.	

Match Games.

BETWEEN J. McINTOSH AND J. McGREGOR.

Black—J. McI.		White—J. McG.	
18..7	16	23	14
19..1	6		

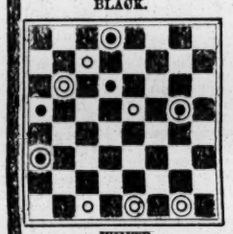
SECOND GAME.

Black—J. McG.		White—J. McI.	
16..15	19	21	17
17..19	23	17	14

Position No. 5, Vol. XIII.

BY A. J. F., GENEVA, N. Y.

BLACK.



WHITE.

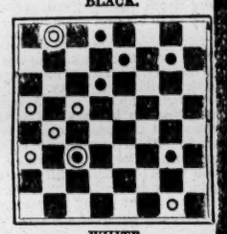
White to play and win.

Position No. 6, Vol. XIII.

BY PATTERSON.

End Game—In actual play.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and win.

THE DRAUGHT TOURNAMENT.—The awarding of the prizes in the Tournay will take place at the Club Rooms, on Wednesday, 26th inst., at 8 P. M. An attendance of all the members is particularly requested. A. J. DUNLAP, Sec.

SPORTS ABROAD.

OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE BOAT RACE.

THE OXFORD CREW VICTORIOUS.

The rival Universities of Cambridge and Oxford met on the Thames on Saturday, April 8, and after a gallant struggle the Oxonians proved too much for the Cambridge students, and carried off the laurels for the seventh time in succession. The following is a list of the crews:—

Oxford.	st.	lb.	Cambridge.	st.	lb.
R. T. Raikes	11	1	H. Watney	11	3
H. P. Senhouse	11	2	M. H. Beebee	11	0
E. F. Henley	12	12	E. V. Pigott	11	13
G. G. Coventry	12	2	R. A. Kinglake	12	8
A. Morrison	12	10	D. F. Steavenson	12	5
W. Wood	12	0	G. H. Borthwick	12	5
H. Schneider	11	10	W. R. Griffiths	11	8
M. Brown	11	3	C. B. Lawes	11	7
C. W. Tottenham, cox	7	13	F. H. Archer, cox	6	8

The preliminaries having been all arranged, with E. Searle as starter; John Phelps, judge; and J W. Chitty, umpire, in the presence of thousands of spectators, commenced

THE RACE.

The Cambridge, who started at a wonderful pace, took the lead immediately at starting, and were half a length ahead before they passed Simmons'. This was made into a clear length opposite the London Rowing Club Boat House, the pace being literally terrific. Mr. Brown, the stroke of the Oxford, never varied from his steadiness at starting, but the boat rolled fearfully, the Cantabs, singular to say, considering the opinion that had been formed of their being weak, being the most steady. On getting to the Point nearly opposite the Vice Chancellor's, the Cambridge, who had then the best of a very sluggish tide, had still further increased their lead, Mr. Archer steering them beautifully, while Mr. Tottenham, the Oxford coxswain, *yawed* his boat a little too much towards the Middlesex shore. As they proceeded, so did the Light Blue get further ahead, and up to the Crab Tree, and thence to the Soap-works, the shouting was deafening for Cambridge, who were then three lengths ahead. There, however, the pace began to tell upon the Cantabs, and no further distance separated them while the Light Blue was ahead. Thence to Hammersmith Bridge the Oxford, to some extent, reduced their distance, and on, and on, and on they went. The bridge was reached in the almost unprecedented time of 8 min. 15 sec., with such a slow tide. Gradually, but surely, the condition of the Champions of the Isis began to tell, and opposite the Doves, there was only a length between them. Half-way up the Ait the Dark Blue were nearly level, and at the end of it the race was virtually over, the Oxford crew rowing with undiminished power and steadiness, and, as far as could be fairly judged, never having swerved from their matchless swing. Between that point and Barnes Bridge there was a still greater power shown, the division was clear to all, and, if but safely steered through the fleet of small craft, another victory was safe for Oxford. Again and again Mr. Lawes sought to rouse up his crew, and gallantly they answered to his stroke, but unavailingly. Barnes Bridge was reached in 18 min 5 sec., and the gun was fired, which indicated the first past the winning flag in 21 min. 50 sec., from the start. Oxford held that proud position, and they were hailed with an immensity of cheering by those who had had an opportunity of seeing the race. The want of condition told fearfully towards the finish on the Cambridge boat, and they were defeated by four lengths. With regard to the rowing itself, hardly two opinions could be formed. The Cambridge men failed to *clip* the water at the commencement of the stroke in the remarkable way that the Newcastle men introduced to the London water, but their finish was better than in their practice. A weakness was also apparent in the bow of the boat. The stroke, let it be said, unexceptionable. As for the Oxford stroke, its steadiness, aided by the power of the crew, did all that was requisite; and though their "finish" was not artistic, no fault ought to be found, when the boat is sent through the water at such a telling and lasting pace. The bow-side, however, was clearly stronger than the stroke-side, and several "sheers" which the boat took, was owing to the necessity of Mr. Tottenham putting the rudder "hard over" to counterbalance that bow-side want of power.

PROFITS OF A PLAYWRIGHT.—The late M. Mocquard made some $60,000 by his plays. He was punctual at every rehearsal of them, and was very good-natured. He rarely criticised the actors, but he would sometimes "take the liberty" of suggesting that they should quit the sing-song of melo-dramatic artists. Then he would take the manuscript and say:—"This is the way they would speak that at the French Comedy." He was, despite his extinction of voice, an excellent reader, and he was a little vain of this accomplishment. The actors were never vexed by these criticisms, because he was extremely polite, and because he was always ready to serve them either by protecting them with the manager or with the Minister of State. One day the manager of the Theatre du Chatelet saw him in the slips turn his head away from a young actor who had bowed very low to him. The manager said:—"What have you against ——? You turned your head away from him. He is a charming fellow." "He is certainly a very charming fellow; but he bows too low to me. He embarrasses me. I was able to serve him at the Ministry of State, and he thinks himself bound to be publicly grateful." He was as sensible of the anxieties of the first night of performance as the youngest author. When *La Prise de Pekin* was brought out he was at Vichy with the Emperor. His nervousness during the day was evident, and he was bantered about it. He then confessed that he had engaged one of his friends to send him between every act a telegram of the reception the piece met with. He did not receive the last telegram until half-past 3 o'clock A. M., and he would not go to bed until it came. One day somebody spoke earnestly of his devoted attachment to the Emperor:—"Bah!" he replied, "the Emperor is more devotedly attached to me than I am to him. And the proof is he read my novel 'Jessie' from beginning to end." One day M. Mocquard was talking to the Emperor about a piece of ground which separated his villa at Montretout from the Palace of St. Cloud, adding:—"When I am rich I will buy it, pull down the wall, cut a door, and then I shall be your neighbor, sire!" A day or two afterwards the Emperor said to him:—"Mocquard, I have bought that piece of ground, I have p

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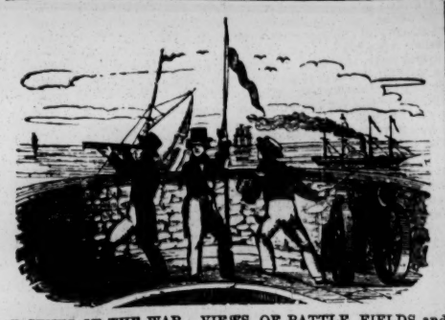

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In our columns the reader will find an advertisement of Arrandale & Co.'s Gift Distribution of watches, jewelry, and silverware. In payment of that advertisement we received several sets of the jewelry advertised, and we are warranted in saying that, both in finish and quality, they quite exceeded our expectations. They turned out to be just what they had been represented.—*True Democrat, (Lewistown,) August* 17, 1864.

The British Whig, of Kingston, C. W., says, Nov. 26, 1864, one of our lady subscribers became an agent for Arrandale & Co., and by request brought some twenty articles, sent as prizes for her agency, to this office for inspection, and without hesitation we can state that each and all of the articles were worth treble the amount of the cost to the recipients, and some of them six times.

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City Summary.

MONDAY, April 24th, 1865.

THE PAST HAS been a blank week in amusements, not a theatre, if we except the Museum and Varieties), having been open since Friday evening, April 14th, on which night, in a theatre, the President received his death wound at the hand of a scheming assassin. The closed doors of those places where thousands of pleasure seekers nightly assembled to enjoy the performances offered for their entertainment, silently inform us that a national sorrow has taken our attention from the every day affairs of life, and centred our thoughts on the all-absorbing topic of the murder of our beloved President. In place of the theatres, the churches have been open during the week, and stirring and affecting discourses on the public services and martyrdom of Abraham Lincoln have been delivered by eminent divines. It is not surprising that the theatre should be introduced in those discourses, and that some rather severe reflections should be cast upon the character of the members of the dramatic profession, for the clergy are but mortal, subject to passion and excitement like ourselves, and apt to say things in moments of anger that would be left unsaid when calm reason holds undisputed sway. While some of our ministerial brethren have used expressions ill becoming the sanctity of the pulpit when referring to the theatre and the players, others again have been charitable, placing the actor in his true position before the world, and instead of execrating him, taking him by the hand in Christian kindness. Much has been said about the fact of the President being killed in a theatre, some preachers very foolishly arguing that if he had not visited the theatre he would not have been killed. It would be idle to discuss this question with such fanatics: it is sufficient to say that no place is sacred against the visitations of the assassin, not even the church. The place least likely to be turned into a slaughter house, the private chamber of a sick man, was invaded by one of the conspirators in this hellish plot, and Secretary Seward, sick in his bed, was stabbed repeatedly by the assassin, and other members of the family brutally assailed and maimed. Where is the difference between the sick chamber and the theatre, therefore, when the murderer is intent upon the fulfilment of his bloody work? In an extraordinary state of feeling and excitement, such as we are now passing through, we may excuse those of our ministerial friends who have so ruthlessly condemned the stage and its teachings, for the drama and it's illustrator are not without their sacred oracles and reverend defenders. Martin Luther says—

"In ancient times the dramatic art has been honored by being subservient to religion and morality," and in an elaborate article ably sustains its moral uses.

The Rev. Dr. Knox, in his essays, says—

"There seems to me to be no method more effectual for softening the ferocity and improving the minds of the lower classes of a great capital than the frequent exhibition of tragical pieces, in which distress is carried to the highest extreme, and the moral is at once self evident, affecting, and instructive."

Lord Bacon says—"Dramatic poesy, which has the theatre for its world, is of excellent use, if soundly administered. The stage can do much either for corruption or discipline."

Theatres existed at the period of the first Christian era, wherein St. Paul, the orator Christian, quotes from dramatic poetry. And there may be added of modern teachers—Doctor Isaac Watts, Doctor Blair, Sir Philip Sydney, Sir Thomas Moore, Sir Walter Scott, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Milton, D'Israeli, Dr. Edward Young, Milman, Adison, Coleridge, Thomson, Pope, Dr Jonanson, Rev. Dr. Coley, Hannah More, Joanna Baillie and hundreds of others of divine, philosophic, moral and learned men in the arts and sciences, and of the most refined manners and moral status, as defenders of the morality and salutary uses of the drama and the stage on the social virtues of all large communities, and who have borne witness to the true position of the profession in the polished circles of metropolitan society; their rank in ancient times, and the high social position held by the orator of the present day. As the poet Crabbe beautifully says—

"Yet Virtue owns the tragic muse a friend;
Fable her means—morality her end.
She makes the vile to virtue yield applause,
And own her sceptre, while they break her laws;
For vice in others is abhorred of all,
And villains triumph when the worthless fall."

Since the death of the President, we have listened to several excellent discourses on the subject, and while not agreeing with the speakers in certain of their remarks against the "play house and the players," (as they seemed pleased to call the theatre and its people)—for we make every allowance for the almost frantic state of the public mind at such a loss as the nation has sustained—we were certainly greatly edified with the general tenor of the essays, which denoted a deep seated loyalty in our pastors and their congregations, and an intention to give their earnest support to the cause of the Union and the attainment of a lasting and honorable peace. An incident occurred in one of our churches on Sunday evening last, which points a moral if it does not adorn a tale. The reverend gentleman expressed his regrets that our worthy Chief Magistrate should have received his death wound in a theatre, adding, however, that he had gone there not so much from choice as to prevent disappointment to the people who looked for him, such was his kind nature; "but," said the reverend gentleman, "I have more faith in a Patriot in a theatre than in a Copperhead in a Prayer Meeting." This sentiment was *loudly applauded by the congregation*, and it was some moments before this spontaneous outburst could be suppressed, and the reverend speaker permitted to conclude his remarks.

While upon this ministerial topic, it may not prove unacceptable to our readers, as germane to the subject, if we give the following letter from the late John Greene (whose theatrical rambles we are now publishing) to a clergyman, in reply to the strictures of the reverend gentleman on the profession of an actor, with the fervent advice of its repudiation altogether:—

MR. JOEL PARKER—MY DEAR SIR:—I received your admonitory epistle—no apology was necessary for such a letter, dictated as it appears to have been by a truly noble and christian motive. The right you concede to every man to pursue that course which will most conduce to his happiness and that of his family, if not in conflict with the moral standard of society, embraces my views and settled convictions of its justice. I agree with you, too, that no one in the exercise of this right can legitimately allure others into paths of vice. I am not, however, so clear in the understanding, that the propensities of all young men tend to conflict with the laws of God and man. I do not believe that man's nature is wholly bad; on the contrary I look upon it as a mixture of good and evil elements; as all nature, animate and inanimate, is composed; to be cultivated and directed by that divine culture, by that instinctive spiritual teacher as imparted to man for man's happiness on earth—that eradicates all evil, as the tares from the wheat, leaving good and purity as the result, thus impressing the heart with all its sacred feelings, with godly perceptions of spiritual grace that points to immortality of the soul! and causes me to exclaim with Addison,

"'Tis the divinity that stirs within us
'Tis heaven itself, that points out an hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man."

What you are pleased to say of me personally is highly flattering, and for your good opinion you have my thanks: I will endeavor to deserve it. But, you assert, and the assertion has been made time and again for more than a hundred years, that theatres and theatricals have a greater tendency to corrupt the morals of the young and to lead them into the paths of vice, to degrade their noble faculties, than perhaps any other calling in life. Now is this so? I answer emphatically, no! nor has there been one tittle of evidence yet produced to sustain such a wholesale libel upon a calling founded upon a literary moral institution, second only to the christian religion. I do not pretend for an instant to aver that its good has not been perverted, and its true functions abused—it is fallible, and so are all the institutions of man; excepting not even the church of our religion or its ministers; that hallowed religion, most sacred of all earthly institutions, at whose heavenly shrine I ever bend with the devout reverence of heart and soul.

Sir—You do me but justice in believing that should I become satisfied of the propriety of changing my profession for one more noble and praiseworthy, I would most willingly make such a change; but, sir, so long as I am unconvinced, I am satisfied to remain in company with some of the most religious and moral teachers, divines, and laymen who have contributed to our dramatic institution and its moral sustainment. You disclaim religious bigotry, and I believe you—and I believe also that you are sincere in your admonitions; but, I greatly fear you have been mistaken in your estimate made without evidence of theatrical results—of the personnel of its professors—of the moral influence of the drama and its legitimate mission. With many thanks for your solicitude in behalf of my personal welfare, I remain yours respectfully, JOHN GREENE.

A NEW MINSTREL organization is shortly to appear before us, and, from the names of the leading men in it, we have every reason to believe that their entertainments will be inferior to none of that class in the country. Although the troupe, as now organised, is new to us, nevertheless it embraces several of the most popular performers now in the business, some of them well and favorably known in this city, where they have repeatedly appeared. In this category we may name Billy Birch, whose abilities as an Ethiopian comedian are of the highest order, and whose special acts and eccentricities are an entertainment in themselves; Sweet William will be an end man; his vis-a-vis, another capital comedian, is Charley Backus—between these two great expounders of the black laws and profits, we shall have some lucid dissertations on general topics of the day and night; and between them, too, we shall have that great basso and interlocutor, W. Bernard, who will pave the way for the shots and squibs of his brethren at either end of the line To complete this nucleus for a great band, we have David Wambold, the sweetest ballad singer in the minstrel profession. These gentlemen are now completing their organization, and expect to give their opening performance at Heller's Salle Diabolique, Broadway, opposite Niblo's Garden, on Monday evening, May 8th. They have but recently arrived from California, and are known here as Birch, Wambold, Bernard and Backus' San Francisco Minstrels.

ACTORS' MEETING.—A number of members of the dramatic profession assembled in Metropolitan Hotel, on Monday evening, April 17th, to take action upon the intelligence of the death of the President of the United States. John Gilbert was chosen as chairman, and the following resolutions were passed:—

1. That in the death of Abraham Lincoln we not only mourn as citizens the loss of our revered Chief Magistrate, but also as professionals, a patron and true friend of our calling and its professors.

2. That to the bereaved family of the lamented dead we respectfully tender our sincere and heartfelt sympathies.

3. That we recognise with horror and detestation the atrocious crime which has consigned the President of the United States to an untimely grave, and clothed the nation in robes of mourning.

4. That our thanks are due to the managers of this city for having appropriately evinced their respect for the memory of the illustrious dead by promptly closing their theatres.

5. That we take this opportunity of renewing our expressions of loyalty and devotion to the government under which we live.

6. That in view of the nation's bereavement, the members of the profession wear the usual badge of mourning for thirty days, for one who, in the language of the great master of our art:—

Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
The deep damnation of his taking off.

THE ELECTION OF Mr. Barnum to the Legislature of Connecticut has not lifted him up a particle, for he well knows that the same honor in *this* State has frequently been conferred on the greatest rogues that ever went unhung. Phineas will probably be mixed up with a greater lot of natural curiosities when he takes his seat with the body corporate of the Nutmeg State, than he has ever had in his own curiosity shop.....People who are interested in oil wells, and would like to witness the *modus operandi* (process of working) of getting up the oil from the disordered bowels of the land, can see a model of a pumping well in operation at the Museum. It's a wonder the great showman don't bore a well in the fat woman he has on exhibition, for the surface indications of grease are equal to any to be found on the bottom lands of Oil Creek.....Tony Denier's "Giraffe Dance" is a very pretty thing, with light and graceful movements. The "Giraffe" might be introduced to advantage among our first families; it might answer as a relief for the "German." The "Giraffe" and "German" dances would make a capital combination.

IT IS a fearful thing to be placed in the company of ghosts even when friends are by to encourage and protect you; but how much more frightful it must be to be tied up with a bag full of ghosts, shut out from the world, and left entirely at the mercy of a ghostly foe. Gen. Grant had great difficulties to encounter before he succeeded in bagging Lee's army, and Mr. Heller has also encountered many vexations in bagging his ghosts, but he has done it at last, and nightly exhibits his ghostly triumphs at his Salle Diabolique, in the presence of an awe-stricken assemblage. We don't know how he does this new feat; nor, in fact, how he does *any* of his wonderful tricks. If we didn't know brother Heller to be a man of a pious turn of mind, we should say that he is "in" with the devil, for he accomplishes such marvels at his pretty little hall that gentlemen of "the most fastidious taste" say they could not be done without spiritual assistance. Ladies, let us urge upon you to visit Heller's, and see the unhappy man tied up with a bag full of ghosts.

THE VARIOUS theatres and halls will re-open on Wednesday evening, April 26th, after a cessation of operations since the 14th.

BARNUM'S MUSEUM re-opened on the 20th, and gave a dramatic performance, but this early opening movement was not received with favor: in fact, Phineas was excoriated by some of the papers for his haste to resume the "Act of Money Making."

THE VARIETIES, following Barnum's example, re-opened on the 21st.

J. E. MCDONOUGH and his "Seven Sisters" will come before the New York public in the latter part of May. They are to appear at the Broadway,

DO YOU WANT A BANJO?—If you do, and would also like to learn how to play it, just make a note of J. Bogan's advertisement in another column.

MR. GEORGE W. THOMPSON, the very popular tragedian, at the New Bowery Theatre, takes his benefit at the above theatre on the 28th inst, which was postponed from the 21st inst., in consequence of the late calamity. An attractive bill is offered.

CHARLES E COLLINS, the original "Cure" in this country, and Denny Gallagher, Ethiopian comedian, are among the attractions this week at 444.

MR. AND MRS. G. VANDERHOFF will give a course of readings in this city, at Dodworth Hall, commencing on the 26th inst., with "The Wife" in a compressed form, and the satirical sketch of Mrs. Leo Hunter's *Fete Champetre* from Dicken's Pickwick Papers. On the 27th, 28th and 29th, other readings will be given.

Dramatic.

THE THEATRES throughout the country have done little or nothing since the announcement of the assassination of our Chief Magistrate; many of them have not been opened at all, while in certain places performances were not resumed until after the 19th, the day fixed upon for the funeral ceremonies in Washington. A deep gloom seems to have settled upon the people, who have been unfitted for their every day business avocation by the deed of blood, and whose thoughts for the present cannot be led in the channels of amusements. Managers and performers have wandered about, scarcely knowing what to do with themselves; the temples of the drama, usually gay and brilliant, have been gloomy and lifeless; the minstrel halls have been dark and deserted, music halls with scarce a sound of life about them, and even underground resorts have succumbed to the general depression, and exhibited signs of mourning. Never before, in the history of this nation, has there been such a long and general suspension of amusements as that just coming to an end, for never before was there such a lamentable occasion to call forth such a display of sorrow. Everything has been deranged by the atrocious crime, engagements broken, time curtailed, entertainments postponed, speculations ruined, hopes deferred, and aspirations nipped in the bud. The present week will, probably, witness the resumption of business, but whether the balance of the season will be as prosperous as the early stages have been, is questioned. Sorrow and gloom will avail nothing, however; and the sooner we throw off this despondency, the better; if we could bring the honored dead to life, if by our manifestations of grief we could restore to the nation its lamented Chief Magistrate, most willingly would we make whatever sacrifices might be required; but this cannot be; the work is done, and cannot be undone. In death as in life he has been honored as no mortal was ever before honored, for a world will mourn his loss, while his most endearing monument will be in the hearts of a free people. Let us resume, therefore, our usual duties, and amusements, and recreations, and prepare for celebrating an event that cannot be far distant, the consummation of peace, and the restoration of the Union as it was, one and indivisible, cemented by the blood of patriot martyrs, from the President down to the most humble in the army of the Union.

"JENNIE DEANS" was performed at the Academy of Music, Albany, on the 21st inst., with Jennie Parker as Effie and Annie Waite as Jennie.

MEMBERS of the dramatic and other branches of the profession in want of russet boots, sandals, opera shoes, or circus pumps, can procure them of J. Somers, theatrical and fancy boot and shoe maker, who has long been established and is well known to the profession. See advertisement in another column.

MR. AND MRS. W. J. FLORENCE had possession of the Metropolitan Theatre, Indianapolis, last week. On the 20th, "Born to Good Luck" and "The Young Actress" were performed to an excellent house.

WASHINGTON, the scene of the assassin's tragedy, has been very dull in theatrical circles the past ten days. Our correspondent "G. W. H" says:—"On the 14th inst., Grover's Theatre was tastefully decorated with flags, evergeens, pictures, &c. An original patriotic poem composed by Major B. B. French, Commissioner of Public Buildings, was read, and a new song entitled "When Sherman marched down from the Sea" was sung by Effie Germon, the whole in honor of the Fort Sumter celebration. The house was filled by a large and appreciative audience, who were enjoying the play of 'Aladdin,' when suddenly a man opened the main door and cried out—'President Lincoln has been shot in a box at Ford's Theatre.' Those near the door made considerable noise in leaving, and the greater part of the audience understood the alarm to be fire, and had they seen flames could not have been in a greater hurry to gain the street. Those of the audience, thinking the alarm to be fire, upon finding none, returned to their seats and the play was resumed. In the meantime Mr. C. D. Hess, acting manager of the establisnment, had repaired to the scene of action, and finding the report true, hurried back and announced the fact from the stage, at which time the play ceased, and the audience withdrew. The theatre has been closed since, and will remain so for an indefinite period .....Ford's is closely guarded by the military, and no one allowed to enter except those having passes."

MEETING OF THE PROFESSION IN BALTIMORE.—The members of the theatrical profession in that city on Monday, 17th inst., held a meeting for the purpose of denouncing the assassination of President Lincoln. Mr. S. C. Dubois was called to the chair. A committee was appointed, who submitted the following preamble and resolutions, which, after being read, were unanimously adopted: WHEREAS, The most harrowing calamity which can befall a nation is the loss of its chief ruler; and whereas, in the violent and untimely death of Abraham Lincoln, the sixteenth President of the United States, the country is plunged into the most bitter expressions of woe, and that we mourn the loss of a great and good man. But we cannot refrain from giving a practical demonstration of the detestation and horror we entertain against the outlawed wretch, transiently connected with our profession, whose horrible crime has placed him outside the pale of human pity or commiseration. Therefore, be it *Resolved*, That the theatrical profession throughout the United States be called upon to express their deep condolement for the death of the pure patriot and good man, Abraham Lincoln. *Resolved*, That we contemplate with feelings of unmitigated horror the dastard assassin whose terrible and undefined act has brought sorrow into the hearts of a nation of people, who, just emerging from the calamities of war, were giving vent to expressions of joy at the prospect of coming peace, granted by Divine Providence, through the medium of Abraham Lincoln. *Resolved*, That on Wednesday, the 19th day of April, 1865, the day set apart for the funeral ceremonies, we attend Divine worship, and from that period for a space of 30 days, we wear an appropriate badge of mourning.

AN IMPORTANT NOTICE to actors, actresses and others in regard to hair dye, &c., will be found among our theatrical advertisements issued by Blackie & Co. of this city.

EDWIN A. JAMES, a gentleman resident of Leavenworth, Kansas, was announced to make his first appearance on any stage on the 17th inst., at the theatre in that city, as William in "Black Eyed Susan."

MRS. BUCKLAND was tendered a benefit on the 20th inst. at the Theatre Royal, Montreal, C. E., under the patronage of Lieut. Gen. Sir Fenwick Williams. The Garrison Amateurs appeared in the comic drama of "T'would Puzzle a Conjuror," and "A Phenomenon in a Smock Frock."

THE PHILADELPHIA THEATRES, all of which have been closed since the night of the 14th, re-open on Monday, April 24th, with a lady star at each house. Mrs. D. P. Bowers commences an engagement at the New Chestnut, opening in "Camille." "East Lynne" will be produced in the course of the week .....Vestvali will finish her engagement at the Walnut on the 22d .....At the Arch, Miss Charlotte Thompson commences a brief engagement, opening in a play by George Marlowe, called "Rich and Poor." "The Streets of New York" will shortly be revived at this house.

Miss Richings' matinee, postponed from the 22d, will take place at the Academy of Music on the 29th, when the "Daughter of the Regiment" will be presented.....The various theatres have been draped in mourning ever since the assassination of the President.....The actors' meeting passed a number of patriotic resolutions, which were signed by the members of the profession in that city. See elsewhere. Gentlemen of secession proclivities are not so open in their disloyal remarks as formerly; on the contrary, they have modified their views considerably.

IN PORTLAND, Me., neither Deering Hall nor the Academy of Music will open on the 15th, in consequence of the country's loss. Mr. Pike, the business manager of the theatre at Deering Hall, prompted by his own feelings as a man, not less than by what he judged must be the wishes of the community, determined that there should be no performance at the theatre, and gave directions to the bill-poster to have all the bill boards turned. As soon as practicable he waited upon the Mayor and informed him that he wished the tribute of respect to the character of Mr. Lincoln to be a voluntary act on the part of those interested in the theatre. The theatre was dressed in mourning at an early hour on Saturday. The tasteful arrangement of the arch and shield was noticed and admired by all. An elegant engraving of the late President was placed on the door, and under it selections from Shakespeare appropriate to the occasion. The proprietors of the Academy of Music were not behindhand in the proprieties of the occasion. The theatre was appropriately draped in mourning, and a mourning poster, announcing a suspension of performances, placed on their bills throughout the city. .... On the 17th, at Deering Hall, Wyzeman Marshall commenced an engagement, opening in "The Stranger." Mr. T. G. Riggs appeared as Sam Sloeleaf, in "Sarah's Young Man."..... At the Academy of Music, under the management of J. Murray & Co., Mr. Murray appeared as the Yankee, in the "Yankee in Cuba." Amy Stone played Millie, in "The Maid with the Milking Pail."

MRS. MARY J. GLADSTANE terminated a three weeks' engagement on the 1st inst. at the Leavenworth (Kansas) Theatre, on which occasion, says a correspondent, "she was tendered a complimentary benefit by the citizens as an actress and a lady of the first order. During her engagement she has played Lady Isabel and Madame Vine, in 'East Lynne' and 'Lady Audley's Secret.' In both pieces she is pronounced the stamp of perfection. Her rendition of 'East Lynne' gained the sympathy of the audience, and many could not help shedding tears at her death scene. Her singing brought down the applause of the house, and on several occasions she was compelled to appear before the curtain. Her engagement has been the most successful ever played here, she being greeted each night with dense crowds. She has now scores of admirers, and it is most earnestly hoped that she will soon reappear."

MRS. F. W. LANDER (Jean Davenport) commenced an engagement at Pike's Opera House, Cincinnati, on the 20th inst., in "Adrienne Lecouvre." The Zavistowski Troupe appeared in a ballet divertissement.

PIKE'S OPERA HOUSE, Cincinnati, was closed until the 20th inst., when it was re-opened with Miss Davenport as the star.

A CAIRO, Ill., correspondent says that an actress was turned out of her boarding house in that city for rejoicing at the assassination of President Lincoln. As our correspondent fails to sign his name, we withhold the name of the actress about whom this noise is made.

IN ST. LOUIS, nothing had been done in the amusement world since the death of the President up to the 23d, the date of our correspondent's letter, who says: "The Theatre shows no signs of sorrow in regard to the death of Mr. Lincoln, which does not speak very favorably for the loyalty of that institution .....The Varieties, on the other hand, is exactly the contrary. Up to last night (the 21st), $600 had been expended in decorating the boxes, balcony and drop curtain, with thick, heavy folds of crape and black cambric.....On the 24th, 'The Seven Sisters' will be produced at the Theatre, with Chaplin as Mrs. Pluto, a part in which he made a great hit last winter at New Orleans .....Nelly Mortimer (Mrs. De Vere) is very ill .....At the Varieties they have been running the 'Fountain of Beauty' to a great business; the general mounting of the piece would do credit to any theatre. Miss Annie Hathaway as King Pretty, looks and acts well; Mr. Beane deserves particular attention; Mr. Wallace is a very acceptable actor. Johnny Campbell, the Ethiopian delineator, is a great favorite here; his stump speech has made a great sensation, it contains many sharp hits at the follies of the times. Johnny was among the unfortunates of the draft here, but happened to be at Pittsburg, Pa., at the time of it, and the first notice he had of it was his arrest; he was brought here, got a substitute, had a splendid benefit, and is again delighting the frequenters of Deagle's Varieties as of yore, by his quaint and humorous acting and singing in negro characters, in which he has few equals. Johnny Mack and Little Mac are also with Deagle, and a funnier pair are seldom seen. They join Howes' Circus for the coming season. Sallie Mason and Sophia Walton are fixtures at the Varieties, and very good fixtures they are. Billy Reeves is still a great favorite. .....Jones and Andy, the ushers of the St. Louis Theatre, take their annual benefit on the 29th inst. Their benefit last season was the largest that ever graced the Theatre, and from the host of volunteers that are to appear on their coming night, I anticipate the like result upon their present call.....Hank Mason and John Cocheran are here disengaged.....Hi Chapman (formerly of the Old Bowery, N. Y.,) came very near being crushed to death lately by the negligence of some person who stepped on a stage-trap, as he was about to come through.....Dr. G. A. Kane, the well-known circus and theatrical agent, is here from New Orleans."

THE NEW RICHMOND (Va.) Theatre commenced its spring season on the 3d inst., the day of occupation by the Federals. The following letter is from the manager, who says—"During my stay in this city I have had the entire Richmond press(?) against me; there have been some few exceptions. This, backed by the persecution (not prosecution) of the Government(?) here, has made my bed anything but roses. My sole aim and desire has been my profession. On the morning of the occupation the theatre was fired on upon two occasions. I was knocked down and my hat shot off my head, just grazing it, for no other reason, I imagine, than that the building had too much Union about it. Maj. Stevens, the first to enter Richmond, kindly gave me a guard with a commissioned officer. We opened to a magnificent house with 'Don Cæsar de Bazan,' and the burlesque of the opera of 'Norma.' To this theatre belongs the honor of first raising the 'stars and stripes' upon the occupation of the city by the national troops. I do not hesitate to affirm—and my assertion can be sustained by hundreds, nay thousands—that that flag now floating in the breeze has brought hope, joy and confidence to the minds of the majority of the citizens. On the 8th inst. 'The Carpenter of Rouen' was performed, on which occasion Mr. J. Harrison made his first appearance and appeared as Marteau. On the 10th 'Macbeth' was given with the wonderful ghost effects. Katy Estelle was the Lady Macbeth, and your humble servant was the Thane. The opera of 'Il Trovatore' was given on the 11th, and on the 13th the 'Skeleton Witness' 'The House on the Bridge of Notre Dame' and 'Swiss Swains' were rendered on the 13th. On the 14th the bill consisted of 'Pocahontas' and 'Still Waters Run Deep;' Sallie Partington was the gentle Pocahontas, and Miss Cassie Crystal the John Smith. 'The French Spy' and 'Black-eyed Susan' were enacted on the 15th; Sallie Partington was the Spy. Miss Jessie Warner executes a fancy dance every night. 'Richard the 3d' is to be performed on the 17th. The following is a complete list of the company at present engaged here:—Mrs. C. DeBar, Misses H. Percy, E. R. Dalton, Floyd, M. Jackson, Cassie Crystal, Middleton, Kate Estelle, J. Powell, Sallie Partington and B. Middleton; Messrs. Harry Allen, J. Harrison, Guion, W. C. Talbot, W. Stevens, G. H. Johnson, Shephardson, L. Owens, Stratford, R. J. Brown. J. B. Wells and J. S. Charles."

AMUSEMENTS in New Orleans have been brisk since our last mail from that city. Our correspondent "Laertes," writing on the 8th inst. says:—"At the St. Charles Theatre, on March 27th, Mr. Eddy appeared as 'Monto Cristo,' which held the boards and drew good houses for four nights. He also appeared as the Corsican Brothers and Buridan in 'La Tour de Nesle.' During the present week benefits have been the order of the day. Mr. and Mrs. Hotto, Emma Maddern, T. W. Davey and several others have all had good and substantial benefits. G. D. Chaplin took his farewell benefit last night in the plays of 'The Octoroon' and 'Maniac Lover.' Mr. Chaplin is a great favorite here, and deservedly so. The season is brought to a close to-night with a grand complimentary benefit to Mr. E Eddy, tendered him by his many friends and admirers. The entertainment will consist of 'Jean Remy' and 'His Last Legs,' in both of which Mr. Eddy will appear. The stock company and all other *attaches* of the house have tendered their gratuitous services. And thus ends a season which, for variety of entertainment and managerial enterprise, is very apt to remind one of the good times of yore..... Lawrence P. Barrett closes at the Varieties to-night in 'Enoch Arden.' During his engagement at this house, which lasted thirty-one nights, he has attracted the largest audiences of the season, and given the greatest satisfaction in all his performances, which, although they are by no means faultless, are still such as entitle him to the greatest praise and admiration.....Dan Setchell was announced as the next star at this house, but owing to his having gone to California did not appear.....Miss Dora Shaw, the poetess and actress, will be the next attraction, opening on the 10th.....There is nothing worthy of remark at the Academy this week. The Hanlon Brothers are daily expected here."

AT THE SAVANNAH THEATRE, a complimentary benefit was tendered Manager Col. Grant Taggart on the 10th inst. "Six Degrees of Crime" and "Slasher and Crasher" were performed. Miss Fanny Prestige is a member of the company, and has become a great favorite with the audiences.

MISS RACHEL JOHNSON will be the shining light this week at the New Theatre, Memphis, Tenn. She will probably produce Miss Heron's play "The Belle of the Season," the right to which has been guaranteed her by Miss Heron.

THE ATHENÆUM, Cairo, Ill., is now under the leaseeship of Messrs. Bailey, Stevenson & Co., who have purchased the lease from Mr. Crump. By the terms of sale all engagements entered into with both stars and stock, by Mr. Crump, will be fulfilled by his successors, as will be seen by reference to a notice in our advertising columns. The present season terminates July 4th, when it is probable the theatre will be much improved and its capacity materially increased. On the 17th inst. Miss Ettie Henderson commenced an engagement and appeared in the "Hidden Hand."

DOWLING AND PIERCE'S dramatic company commenced a brief stay at Dowling Hall, Terre Haute, Ind., on the 18th inst., with Fanny B. Price and D. Hanchett as the stars.

FANNY B PRICE and D. Hanchett commence an engagement at the National, Cincinnati, with Manager Shires, on May 22d.

THE NATIONAL THEATRE, St. Louis, can be rented by the single night or week for first-class entertainments, such as minstrel bands, variety performances, &c. The theatre, as will be seen by an advertisement in this and succeeding issues of the CLIPPER, has ample accommodations for 1200 persons. There is also a good sized stage with a fine stock of scenery. Parties traveling out west will do well to make a note of the National Theatre.

A PRIZE PLAY.—Miss Fanny B. Price as will be seen by an advertisement elsewhere, offers a prize of $500 for a five act play. Now is the time for native dramatists.

THE LITTLE ROCK (ARK) Theatre, says a correspondent, "is doing a big business under the management of Albert A. Wyatt. On the 3d inst. Mr. Wyatt leased the Varieties in that city to keep out all opposition. On the 8th the drama of 'Raffaelle' was performed. 'Jack Sheppard' is underlined."

"THE WORKMEN OF NEWARK" is to be produced at Kate Fisher's Newark, N. J. Theatre, on the 25th inst.

IN TROY, says "Mose," "amusements of all kinds have been suspended since the melancholy news arrived of the assassination of the illustrious second father of our country, Abraham Lincoln. The Griswold Opera House was opened again on the 20th inst. On the 21st Mlle Marietta Ravel had her benefit and last appearance on which occasion she appeared in the 'French Spy,' and concluded with the afterpiece of 'The Secret,' in which G. C. Davenport appeared as Tom the Negro, with song and dance. .....Manager Van Arnum has succeeded in making an engagement with Mrs. Waller, who opens here on the 8th of May ..... Vestvali, the magnificent, will also appear in the course of two weeks. She is sure to draw large houses, as she took Troy by storm the last time she was here."

THE CHARLESTON, (S. C.) Theatre was opened on the 12th inst. by the party that started from this city. "The Honey Moon" and dancing constituted the initial performance. George L. Aiken played Duke Aranza and Mad. Annie Tille was the Juliana. A correspondent writing from thence on the 16th says:—"We opened to an excellent house and 'bus' has continued good. The department will be paid off in a few days, which will make business great. The weather is warm, but not oppressively so. We have cool sea breezes throughout the day and the nights are invariably cool. On the 14th 'Little Treasure' was performed, also 'Bamboozling.' Between the pieces the Langley Sisters execute a dance. The admission is $1 for front seats, and 50 cents for colored people, in the rear. Messrs. C. G. Strahan and George S. Parkes are managers, and G. L. Aiken stage manager."

MISS KATE FISHER'S late visit to New Haven, Ct., with the Martinetti Troupe, on account of the excitement of the times, did not prove remunerative.

THE IVERY LANTY and Winifred Shiller party, "just from Europe" (?) that opened in New Haven, Conn., received a reception in the way of hisses and shouts of derisive laughter.

THE DAVENPORT WALLACK COMBINATION appeared in Music Hall, New Haven, Conn., April 21st, playing "Still Waters Run Deep," and "How She Loves Him." Their performance announced to take place on the 20th was postponed on account of the death of the President.

ACTORS' MEETING IN PHILADELPHIA.—A meeting of the theatrical profession of Philadelphia was held in that city on Friday, 21st inst., to express their feelings relative to the national calamity. There was a pretty good attendance at the Continental Hotel, where the meeting was held. It will be seen that the actors of Philadelphia have affixed their names to the resolutions adopted:—

Mr. J. B. Roberts was called to the chair, Mr. Owen Marlowe appointed Secretary, and Mr. E. L. Tilton Secretary.

Messrs. E. L. Tilton, J. Lewis Baker and John McDonough were appointed a Committee to draft resolutions expressive of the sense of the meeting, who reported as follows:

A great calamity has fallen upon the nation; our loved and honored President has fallen by the hand of a cowardly assassin—a martyr to the cause of our country and our laws. And, whereas this crowning act of treason has plunged the whole people into the deepest mourning, we therefore resolve:

1. That in the death of Abraham Lincoln we not only mourn, as citizens, the loss of our revered Chief Magistrate, but also as professionals, a patron and true friend of our calling and its professors.

2. That we tender to the afflicted relatives our sincere and heartfelt sympathies, with the assurance that the whole people weep with them, and feel the loss to be irreparable.

3. That we recognise with horror and detestation the atrocious crime which has deprived the country, in the midst of rejoicing, of its Magistrate.

"After life's fitful fever he sleeps well;
Treason has done his worst; nor steel, nor poison,
Malice domestic, foreign levy, nothing,
Can touch him further!"

4. That we concur with the managers of this city in having appropriately evinced their respect for the memory of the illustrious dead, by promptly closing their theatres.

5. That we take this opportunity of renewing our expressions of loyalty and devotion to the government under which we live.

6. That in view of the nation's bereavement, and as a further evidence of our respect, the members of the profession wear the usual badge of mourning for thirty days.

"His life was gentle, and the elements
So mix'd in him, that nature might stand up
And say to all the world, *This was a man!*"

7. That we attend as a body to join in the solemn procession to receive the remains of our late honored president.

The following letter was received, and by vote entered on the minutes of the meeting:

MY DEAR BAKER: I beg that you will do me the especial favor to represent me at the meeting of our profession to-day. The affliction under which I am suffering, worse than death, prevents my personal attendance: proclaim my entire concurrence with any measures expressive of sympathy for the loss of our lamented President, loyalty to our government, or any other steps the wisdom of the meeting may think proper to take.

Yours, very truly, J. S. CLARKE.

To J. LEWIS BAKER.

Philadelphia, April 21st, 1865.

On motion the meeting then adjourned.

OWEN MARLOWE, Treasurer. J. B. ROBERTS, Chairman.
E. L. TILTON, Secretary.

J. E. McDonough,	W. H. Holt,	J. Lewis Baker,
F. Mordaunt,	W. H. Bailey,	W. P. Cunnington,
W. A. Chapman,	W. H. Wallis,	J. S. Clarke,
Joseph C. Foster,	Alex. Fisher,	W. E. Sinn,
P. A. Fitzgerald,	Jas. T. Ward,	John Daly,
L. Carden,	Chas. M. Lewis,	J. B. Evans,
Vining Bowers,	Samuel Barth,	E. T. Sinclair,
Chas. Henri,	James Taylor,	J. Friebas,
Jas. A. Herne,	Frank Still,	S. Loncolm,
Stuart Robson,	E. S. Marble,	Walter Lennox,
Geo. H. Griffith,	Loraine Rogers,	Thos. A. Creese,
J. G. Boyd,	Capt. W. A. Donaldson,	J. T. Donnelly,
Benjamin Young,	S. H. Hemple,	J. D. Murphy,
Frank Brower,	P. Aug. Anderson,	Robert Craig,
Jos. M. Sloan,	Thos. E. Green,	J. D. Germon,
John Reed,	A. Fulmer,	H. L. Bascomb,
	Geo. W. Johnson,	

STARS and first class artists wishing to play at the New Richmond, Va., Theatre, will make a note of Messrs. Conner & Co's card in another column.

THE BOSTON THEATRES were closed four days last week, the first time so long without amusements since the drama first flourished in the modern Athens.....Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams commenced an engagement at the Boston Theatre on the 20th inst., to a very large audience. This is the first engagement of the Williamses in Boston for two seasons. They remain this week. .....At the Museum a few benefits will take place this week. On the 24th, Mr. McClannin was up for a "ben." with "Speed the Plough." On the 26th, for W. H. Smith's benefit, "Town and Country" is announced, and for F. Hardenburg "As You Like it" is to be performed on the 28th, with the *beneficiaire* as Touchstone. .....A new theatre is talked of in that city.....Helen Western has been delighting crowded audiences at the Howard Athenæum. She is the star this week.....On the 1st of May Mr. E. L. Davenport will commence a short comedy season at the Tremont Theatre with the Wallack Davenport Combination.

J. THOMSON, with a p, advertises in this issue for an engagement as second low comedian.

M'LLE MARIETTA RAVAL, *danseuse*, pantomimist and tight rope artist, commences an engagement at the Opera House, Norfolk, Va., on May 1st.

CHARLES E. NEWTON, walking gent, and A. H. Sheldon, comedian can be engaged by managers. See advertisement.

MR. G. C. CHARLES AND MISS EMILY MELVILLE have been recently performing at Kate Fisher's Theatre, Newark, N. J. The following complimentary notice we copy from a recent issue of the Newark *Advertiser*. "On Saturday evening last we attended the benefit of Mr. G. C. Charles and Miss Emily Melville, at Kate Fisher's Theatre. We were certainly surprised to find so much talent, in this rising young artist. She assumed on this evening no less than eight

with the ease of a nightingale." The agent of this troupe, Mr. H. M. Eustis, is the former *avant courier* of the Dollie Dutton Troupe and of Bullard's New York City. He is a man of long experience, talented, capable and industrious, and no better agent for a concert or a minstrel troupe can be found in America.

JESSE SAUNDERS, well known in the profession as a property man, died in Columbia, Tenn, on the 2d inst., while fitting up a Varieties, which he intended opening himself.

BRUCE'S METROPOLITAN GIFT SHOW was to open at Arcade Hall, Lockport, N. Y., on the 24th, for four nights, and on the 28th and 29th shows at Albion. On the 1st of May the show opens in Corinthian Hall, Rochester, for one week.

Amateur.

THE EXCELSIOR DRAMATIC COMPANY, of this city, will play at Morrisania, on the 25th. Among the company are Messrs. Barry Howland, G. R. Middleton, F. J. Scallan, E. Hannah and J. M. Larkin. Lottie Clifford, Maria Lane and Miss Alice Loyaldon are in the female portion.

THE COLUMBIA DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION, of this city, will play at Murdoch Hall, in the Bowery, on the 27th inst. "Seven Clerks" and "Faint Heart" are on the bill.

AN AMATEUR COMPANY will give a performance at Washington Hall, Williamsburgh, some evening this week. "The Ticket of Leave Man" will be played.

MURRAY'S ÆOLIANS, a minstrel company, played at the Lyceum last week, in Morrisania, N. Y.

THE MONTREAL DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION was to give its first performance this season at Bonaventure Hall, Montreal, C. E., on the 24th inst. "Smiles and Tears," "The Toodles," and "Robert Emmett's Defence" was to constitute the evening's performance.

Foreign Dramatic and Show News.

GEN. TOM THUMB and party, consisting of his wife, Com. Nutt and Minnie Warren, were engaged for a limited period at the Standard Theatre, Shoreditch, London, commencing on the 9th inst.

THE MENKEN played a one week's engagement at the City of London Theatre, London, commencing on the 9th inst., playing her speciality of "Mazeppa."

MR. FECHTER introduced his son on the 17th inst. at the Lyceum Theatre, London, as Paul, in "Belphegor," being his first appearance on the stage.

DEFACING THEATRICAL BILLS.—On the 30th of March, in Hanly (Eng.) Court, three men were tried for having torn down and otherwise defaced bills announcing a benefit to come off at the Hanly Theatre. The defence was that the parties *felt indignant at seeing Mr. Francis' bills being posted at four o'clock on Sunday morning.* He was shocked at such Sabbath breaking. The defendants were ordered to pay 5s. each and costs, besides 1s. damages.

IN MEYERBEER'S opera of "L'Africaine," there are two great instrumental pieces—an "Indian March" and a "Religious March." The former of these includes a *pas* for a troupe of dancing-girls, who are introduced in the midst of a triumphal procession. There are twenty-one "numbers" in the opera without counting the marches.

AMUSEMENTS.

BARNUM'S AMERICAN MUSEUM.

GRAND NATIONAL
POULTRY, PIGEON, AND RABBIT SHOW,
Under the auspices of
THE NATIONAL POULTRY SOCIETY,
In the
SPACIOUS SALOONS OF THE MUSEUM,
The most
UNIQUE AND EXTRAORDINARY DISPLAY
Of
PURE BRED FOWLS
EVER WITNESSED IN THIS COUNTRY.
OVER $500 CASH PREMIUMS.
A CONVERSATIONAL MEETING
will take place in Lecture Room
WEDNESDAY MORNING AT 11.
AFTERNOON AT 3—EVENING AT 7½,
THE INTENSELY INTERESTING DRAMA,
Entitled
THE ORANGE GIRL.
GRAND IN CONCEPTION, THRILLING IN EFFECT,
EXTRAVAGANZA DANCE, BY TONY DENIER.
PROFESSOR HUTCHINGS, LIGHTNING CALCULATOR.
WOODROFFE'S BOHEMIAN GLASS BLOWERS,
TWO GLASS STEAM ENGINES IN MOTION.
FIFTY LIFE SIZE MOVING WAX FIGURES.
FAT WOMAN, GIANTESS, CIRCASSIAN GIRL, DWARF, LIVING OTTERS, GRAND AQUARIA, A MILLION CURIOSITIES.
Admission 30 cents; Children under ten, 15 cents.
THE LECTURE ROOM WILL BE CLOSED
MONDAY AND TUESDAY.

THE HIPPOTHEATRON. Begins at 8.

The performances at this establishment
WILL BE RESUMED ON WEDNESDAY NEXT.
GRAND MATINEE AT 2½ O'CLOCK,
EVENING PERFORMANCE AT 8 O'CLOCK,
When the
GREAT SERIO-COMIC PANTOMIME of the
FAIRY PRINCE O'DONOGHUE,
Will be reproduced on a
SCALE OF UNEXAMPLED SPLENDOR,
In conjunction with grand
EQUESTRIAN AND GYMNASTIC PERFORMANCES,
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80 HORSES AND MEN, AND BAGGAGE VANS,
on entering each town.
Admission..... 50 cents | Children..... 25 cents
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The immense success and crowded and delighted audiences that have greeted
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everywhere, making it one triumphant ovation, and the vast space required for the
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has made it necessary to prepare a
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THE ASIATIC COURTS,
THE EMPERORS OF CHINA AND JAPAN,
(While an attache of the American Legation to China,)
THE SANDWICH ISLANDS,
and before eight hundred thousand of the sovereigns of America, in the
ASTOUNDING MIRACLES, ASSYRIAN INCANTATIONS,
ASIATIC DEMONOLOGIES, HINDOO METAMORPHOSES, CHINESE AND MAHOMEDAN DIABLERIE,
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VENTRILOQUIAL SCENA!
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in their laughable and wonderful performances, whose life-like motions and grotesque actions convulse the audience with uncontrollable merriment.
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Nebraska City, N. T.,
stating business, terms, with a bill, and where they have performed. 3-tf

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ON MONDAY EVENING, MAY 8th, 1865. 3

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GREAT METROPOLITAN GIFT TROUPE,
THE SENSATION EXHIBITION OF MODERN TIMES,
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WONDER OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY,
Crowned with the laurel wreath of
BRILLIANT SUCCESS,
UNRIVALLED AND ALONE,
ABOVE ALL COMPETITION, IT STANDS
THE METROPOLITAN GIFT EXHIBITION OF THE AGE,
In conjunction with
KARL KAHR,
THE FAMED IMPERIAL ILLUSIONIST,
THE MOST SUCCESSFUL AND BEWILDERING
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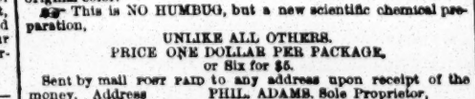

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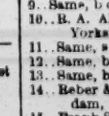

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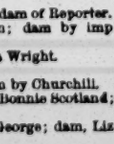

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MASON & CO.,
No. 58 North Sixth street,
Philadelphia.
☞ Catalogues of wholesale prices for the trade. 3-1t*

THE TURF.

Cincinnati Spring Racing Meeting, 1865.

To commence
ON TUESDAY, JUNE 20,
AND CONTINUE FOUR DAYS.
AMOUNT OF PURSES $3,700.
FIRST DAY, TUESDAY,
Spencer House Stake of $100 each, half forfeit, $300 added by the proprietor of the Spencer House; for colts and fillies now three years old. Mile Heats. Closed with the following entries.
1. R. Underwood enters ch f Colleen Bawn, by Endorser; dam Roxana, by Imp. Chesterfield.
2. John R. Warnock, s f Wild Duck, by Imp. Eclipse; dam by Yorkshire, out of the Clipper.
3. D. J. Crouse, b c Skipper, by Daniel the Prophet; dam, Mary, by Birmingham.
4. Henry Van Lieu, b c Henry of the West, by Lexington; dam by Leviathan.
5. Same, b c Henry Van Lieu, by Lexington, dam by imp. Glencoe.
6. A. J. Armstrong, b c Gus Loraine, by Nuncio; dam, Mary Buck, by Eclipse.
7. Same, g c Charley Armstrong, by Lexington; dam by Grey Eagle.
8. Same, b c Gus Loraine, by Nuncio; dam Mary Buck by Eclipse.
9. John M. Clay, b c by Star Davis; dam Rally by Trustee.
10. R. A. Alexander, br c Asteriak, by Ringold; dam, Nebula.
11. Same, b c Bay Dick, by Lexington; dam Alabama.
12. Same, br c Ansel, by Lexington; dam by Yorkshire.
SAME DAY—Purse $1000—Three mile heats for all ages.
The above races to be governed by the rules and regulations of the Lexington, Ky., Association. No deduction for a walk over. No postponement in regard to the weather. No gambling allowed on the track. Ladies admitted free to the stand, when accompanied by gentlemen.
All the entries for the above stakes to name and close with the Secretary, ABE CARROLL, Burnett House, Cincinnati, on or before the 1st of April, 1865. R. UNDERWOOD,
3-tf Manager.

THE TURF.

Peppard & Co.

WILL OPEN
ON THE FIRST OF MAY, 1865,
the Livery Stables on the corner of Grand and Mercer streets, and will be known hereafter as the
GRAND STREET LIVERY STABLES.
All kinds of first-class Coaches for hire.
Horses kept on livery. 3-2t*

Mare for Sale.--A three year old, coming four. Can trot a mile in three minutes. She is a cherry bay. For information inquire of
SAMUEL HAMMELL, No. 15 Fifth street, N. Y.
3-1t* After six o'clock, P. M.

TROTTING ON THE UNION COURSE, L. I.

A SWEEPSTAKES trot for $150, mile heats, best three in five, in harness, between three road horses owned in this city, came off on the 15th inst., on the above course. The horses entered were Mr. J. Drakes' b. g. Honest Ned; Mr. Wm. McMahon's b. m. Lady Clip, and Mr. Keegan's b. g. Favor. The betting at the start was in favor of Lady Clip against the field, but after the first heat, which was won by Favor after a good race in 3.01, the latter took her place as favorite, two to one being laid upon his winning the race. He won the second heat in 3 min. after another close contest with the mare, and the third heat in 3.01; Honest Ned being last in each heat.

A match for $200, mile heats, best three in five, in harness, succeeded, and was productive of excellent sport. It was between James White's white gelding, and J. Carroll's Staten Island owned br. g. Woodranger. The latter was freely backed at two to one, both before the first heat, and after he had lost it, so great was the confidence of his backers. He, however, was doomed to defeat, as the white gelding, driven with admirable judgement by Mr. White, won the race in three straight heats in 2.53¾, 2.55¼, 2.53¾. The track was very heavy, rain falling without intermission during the race.

On Tuesday, the 18th inst., the second of the series of purses given by the proprietors of this track was trotted for. It was a purse and stake of $125, mile heats, best three in five, to wagons, and the horses entered were the same as were in the first purse previously trotted for last week, viz., Hiram Woodruff's b. g. Shiptimber; Dan Pfifer's br. m. Zenobia (late Empress) and Ralph Ogles' s. g. Gibo. On that occasion Shiptimber did not put in an appearance, Hiram preferring to see how fast his opponents could go before he brought him out (he having never trotted in public), and the race was left to Zenobia and Gibo, the former winning after four heats had been trotted in 2.44, 2.44¾, 2.45, 2.42. Subsequent to this race, Pfifer's mare threw a splint, and was withdrawn from all her engagements; her owner, Mr. Lorrillard, intending to keep her for breeding purposes only. Shiptimber, however, was brought out to trot against the victorious sorrel gelding, and he immediately became a hot favorite, for although this was his first public appearance, he having paid forfeit in all his engagements last year, yet the reports of what he had done in private were of such a high character, that after $100 to $80 had been bet on him at Hiram's, so general was the desire to back him, that $100 to $40 were freely offered on the race. When seen, the confidence of his party became stronger, as he was in tiptop condition, and had the veteran himself behind him. He is a fine slashing bay horse, nearly sixteen hands high, with two white hind feet, and is half brother to Mr. Felter's promising horse Nutwood, being by the famous Orange County Stallion, Hambletonian. Gibo looked and went well, and was not without his admirers, who took the odds offered against him pretty freely. The attendance was pretty good, and the track in capital condition.

First Heat.—Gibo had the pole, and no time was lost in scoring, as they got the word at the first time of asking. Rounding the upper turn, the sorrel was half a length ahead, but breaking, Hiram went in front and was four lengths ahead at the quarter pole, in 40 secs. He was the same distance in advance as they passed the half mile pole in 1:20½, and although Gibo made a smart brush on the third quarter, Hiram let out an extra reef of speed, and drawing gradually but surely away, jogged comfortably home a winner by six lengths in 2.44.

Second Heat.—Offers of $100 to $10 were ineffectual in inducing any one to back the sorrel gelding, as it was seen that, her accident, Hiram could not lose. They got the word at the first attempt, Gibo as before being ahead at the upper turn, but he was not suffered to maintain his leading position long, as Hiram quickly got on even terms with him, and they went lapped to the quarter pole in

AMUSEMENTS.

To Advertisers.

We call the attention of Managers and Professionals who wish to avail themselves of the extensive circulation of the NEW YORK CLIPPER, the Theatrical Organ of America, to make known their business, wants, etc., to the following schedule of rates for advertising:—

Twelve cents per line for each and every insertion; for dramatic notices from other papers incorporated in our summary, 25 cents per line, a liberal deduction will, however, be made for advertisements when paid for three or six months in advance. Day of publication Tuesday of each week.

Communications to insure attention in the issue for that week, should reach us by Monday morning, at latest, or Saturday, if possible, and invariably be addressed to

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J. W. Morse & Co.
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105 NASSAU ST. N.Y.

BROADWAY THEATRE.
ENGAGEMENT OF MR. AND MRS. CHARLES KEAN,
POSITIVELY BUT FOR ELEVEN NIGHTS,
Commencing
WEDNESDAY EVENING, APRIL 26, 1865,
with Shakespeare's grand Historic Tragedy, in 3 acts,
KING HENRY VIII.
Cardinal Wolsey.....Mr. CHARLES KEAN
Queen Katherine.....Mrs. CHARLES KEAN
To conclude with Colman's Comedy, in 3 acts,
THE JEALOUS WIFE.
Mr. Oakley.....Mr. CHARLES KEAN
Mrs. Oakley.....Mrs. CHARLES KEAN
THURSDAY EVENING—LOUIS XI.
FRIDAY—THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.
☞ Private Boxes and Reserved Seats in Orchestra, Parquet and Dress Circle, can be had at the BOX OFFICE DAILY FROM 9 A. M. UNTIL 5 P. M.
ADMISSION ONE DOLLAR. 3-1t

THE CROWNING CLIMAX IS COMING.
FOURTH ANNUAL TOUR THROUGH THE EASTERN STATES
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CHARLEY SHAY'S
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AN OLD FRIEND WITH NEW FACES.
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CHALLENGE TO ANY COMPANY IN THE UNITED STATES TO PERFORM THE ACTS SEEN IN THE QUINCUPLEXAL.
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JOHN B. ANDROSS, Head Agent. 3-4t*

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MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN.
This new, splendid and commodious Hall, capable of seating over two thousand persons, is now ready for occupancy, and is offered for Theatrical and Operatic Performances, Concerts, Lectures, &c., &c., at most liberal terms. The "acoustic" of the Hall is perfect. For particulars apply to HENRY M. MENDEL,
3-6m Secretary Milwaukee Musical Society.

CAIRO ATHENÆUM.
BAILEY, STEVENSON & CO.....Managers.
The above named parties having bought out the interest of Geo. T. Crump, have bound themselves to carry out all engagements made by him for this present season, terminating July 4th, 1865.
☞ Stars and Stock Actors desirous of engagements will please address THOMAS R. HANN,
3-tf Stage Manager.

THE BANJO TAUGHT BY CONVERSE AND SIVORI.—Closed for the summer months. Regular Fall Term commences September 1st, 1865. 3-2t

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MRS. CONWAY'S
PARK THEATRE,
Opposite the City Hall, Brooklyn.
OPEN EVERY NIGHT, WITH A SUPERIOR COMPANY
In all the Standard Plays of the Drama. 52-4t*

MISS ADAH ISAACS MENKEN,
THE WORLD-RENOWNED ARTISTE,
AND
QUEEN OF THE GYMNASTS,
(Title and Medal of Honor conferred on her by the ECOLE DE LA GYMNASTIQUE, London), having concluded her engagement of one hundred nights at the
THEATRE ROYAL, ASTLEY'S,
in her great speciality of
MAZEPPA.
And at the
THEATRE ROYAL, GLASGOW, SCOTLAND,
for twenty nights, will make her debut at the
ROYAL AMPHITHEATRE, LIVERPOOL,
April 17th, (for Thirty nights), in her
WONDERFUL CREATION
OF
MAZEPPA.
N. B.—MISS MENKEN will appear at the
THEATRE DE CHATELET, PARIS,
September 15th, 1865,
in a new and French version of
MAZEPPA.
MR. JOHN MACKENNA,
Agent.
J. RICHARD CRADDOCK,
Master of the Horse.
WALTER EDWIN,
Director. 2-tf

A CARD.
NEW YORK CITY, December 9th, 1864.
MISS RACHEL JOHNSON: My dear Miss Johnson, before quitting Cincinnati I said to you, through your agent, a copy of my play of "The Belle of the Season." I have never had the pleasure of seeing you play, but of this be certain, that were I not assured by many of the most reliable members of the press and the profession that you possess in a high degree the taste, culture and talent so requisite for this difficult *role*, I never would have entrusted it to you. I have frequently refused to sell this play, which is the pet of all the "Edwins," and for the sole reason that I never yet could find a lady to whom I could confide the part of Florence. In placing it in your hands, therefore, I feel you will appreciate the full importance of the task you assume in embodying so wayward yet so sweet a character as the Belle of the Season; and in addition to the humble tribute to your accomplishments which this preference conveys to you, accept, I pray you, the assurance of my fullest confidence in your success, and my sincerest wishes for it.

It gives me additional pleasure to hear that my young friend, Mr. B. Macaulay, who lately played Armand with so much success during my farewell of "Camille" at Niblo's, is to support you in the character of Edwin. With his aid, success indeed is sure! Respectfully your and his well wisher,
2-2t MATILDA HERON.

SPECIAL NOTICE TO THEATRE MANAGERS,
CONCERT HALL PROPRIETORS, TRAVELING TROUPES, AND THE PROFESSION.—We the undersigned, have opened a Branch Office of our Cincinnati Agency in the city of Chicago, where we shall make our head-quarters for the West, and shall be pleased to hear from our patrons. Thankful for past favors, we hope for a continuance of your patronage. All business will be promptly attended to. Wanted, the following artists:—1 Leading Man, 1 Old Man, 1 Juvenile Man, 1 Utility, 3 Young Ladies for Traveling Concert Troupe. All artists wishing engagements will address us immediately, with stamp enclosed to insure an answer. N. B.—Concert Hall Proprietors will favor us with a list of their halls, rents, and license fees, &c., &c. Traveling troupes will bear in mind Smith & Nixon's New Hall, one of the finest in the West. All letters in reference to Halls and professional engagements for the West to be addressed to DAVIS & CO., 116 Clark street, Room 21, P. O. Drawer 6390, Smith & Nixon's Block, Chicago, Ill. 2-3t

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NEW AMERICAN VARIETY THEATRE,
WALNUT STREET, ABOVE EIGHTH, PHILADELPHIA,
Is now in course of construction, and
WILL OPEN FOR THE SEASON
ON OR ABOUT JULY 1st, 1865, with a
FULL DRAMATIC COMPANY,
BALLET TROUPE, PANTOMIMIC CORPS,
ETHIOPIAN, GYMNAST ARTISTS, &c.
THE THEATRE WILL SEAT 3,500 PERSONS.
Ladies and gentlemen of acknowledged ability and experience, wishing to negotiate, will address Box 930, Philadelphia, Pa., naming salary, &c. Enclose no stamp, and consider silence a negative. [2-tf] JAMES PILGRIM, Stage Manager.

MISS RACHEL JOHNSON
commences an engagement of twelve nights at the
NEW MEMPHIS THEATRE
MONDAY EVENING, APRIL 24th. 2-2t

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This new and elegant Hall, the finest and most complete in all its appointments in the State, has lately been opened for Concerts, Lectures, and exhibitions of all kinds. Seats 1200. Address
2-tf GEO. H. LATHROP, Agent.

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MISS EMILY THORNE
for the coming season, will apply to either of the following addresses: Box 109, P. O., Vincennes, Indiana, or
2-3m CHAS. PARSLOE, Box 2414, P. O., New York.

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FITZ SIMMONS,
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☞ Now drawing dense crowds nightly,
☞ AT TRIMBLE'S VARIETIES THEATRE, PITTSBURGH, Pa.
For the past four weeks hundreds turned away nightly, owing to the crowded state of the theatre, so
ANXIOUS ARE ALL TO SEE THESE DRAMAS OF LIFE, endorsed by the Washington, Baltimore and Pittsburgh journals, realizing the statement of the CLIPPER that "The works of this writer have certainly added to the profits of every manager that has thus far produced them."
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Queen of the Fallen,	Spirit of the Dead,
Female Pickpocket,	Dangers of a Dancing Girl,
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and other new plays.
He concludes his four weeks successful engagement in Pittsburgh, April 25th. Theatrical managers having time for two or four weeks will address at once JOHN MILLER, Agent,
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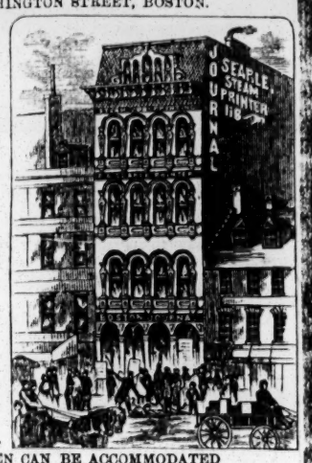

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Lexington, Ky.	April 17	two weeks.
Cincinnati, National Theatre	May 1	one week.
Cleveland, Ohio	May 8	one week.
Indianapolis	May 15	two weeks.
Chicago, McVicker's Theatre	June 12	two weeks.

This last engagement closes the present season of these popular artists. 1-3t

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THE PUBLIC AND THE PRESS,
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ORIGINAL AND VERSATILE PERFORMERS
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They are now making their first
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With the best Combination of Vocalists and Musicians that ever APPEARED ON ANY STAGE.
The Popular Entertainments given by this
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After which they will introduce
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CANTERBURY HALL AND THEATRE,
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SOLE PROPRIETOR.....DICK O'NEIL.
Now beautifully Refitted and Decorated.
MISS KATHLEEN O'NEIL,
EL NINO EDDIE,
CHIRISKI,
FANNY THOMPSON,
TOM VANCE, and
JOHNNY HARRIS,
are among the principal performers.
THE BALLET TROUPE
consists of twelve of the most accomplished Ladies in the world, led by
FANNY THOMPSON, assisted by FANNY FARRERO,
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GOOD PERFORMERS can address as above. A steady engagement open for TWO GOOD NIGS and a BANJOIST. 49-tf

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A MASTER.
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The most Artistic, and one of the Oldest Dancers in the profession.
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Lessee and Manager.....Mr. F. DONALDSON.
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The above popular place of amusement is now in the full tide of success. Among the list of artists are the following:
The Whiting Sisters—Emma and Edith, Miss Lizzie Donaldson, Signora Ximenes, Miss Julia Delano, La Petite Olive, Miss Jennie Haight, Mr. Frank Donaldson, Clark Gibbs, Sig. Ximenes, Chris. Ransom, Wm. Blake, Master Louis, Geo. W. Wallace, Geo. Hanbum, Prof. Smith, John Frederthuyser, Frank Bosworth and La Petite Angelo.
First-class Artists can meet with
GOOD ENGAGEMENTS
by applying immediately.
None others need apply.
Lady audiences; no Bar attached.
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THE YOUTHFUL AND GIFTED ARTISTE,
Will make a tour of the principal cities.
The distinguished young actor,
MR. B. MACAULEY,
has been engaged to sustain her. All letters to be addressed to
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TO MANAGERS.--The subscribers have on hand the largest stock of
THEATRICAL WARDROBE
FOR HIRE IN THE UNITED STATES,
by the night, week, or season. What is the use of Managers making up their own wardrobe when they can get any piece dressed without expense or trouble at much shorter notice than it takes to cut the work out in any theatre, (and of better material,) by applying to R. W. WILLIAMS & SON,
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Corner Cherry and Broad streets,
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Opened March 1st, with a first class Variety Company. Having been fitted up, regardless of expense, is one of the finest Variety Halls in the country; is capable of seating 2,000 people with comfort. Ladies and gentlemen of acknowledged ability, desiring good engagements, address T. W. POLAND & CO., P. O. Box 178.
None but first-class talent need apply. 46-3m*

CLOG DANCERS. CLOG DANCERS.
GET ROBERTS' NEW IMPROVED STYLE DANCING CLOGS.
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Can be addressed,
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LEXINGTON, KY.
H. A. WEAVER, SOLE LESSEE AND MANAGER.
SEASON TERMINATES JULY 4th, 1865.
FIRST CLASS STARS TREATED WITH
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THE ORIGINAL AND ONLY
BIRCH, WAMBOLD, BERNARD & BACKUS'
SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS,
now performing in the Golden City at
MAGUIRE'S ACADEMY OF MUSIC,
will, on or about the 1st of April, arrive in New York. Due notice will be given of their first appearance.
P. S.—Cornelius Vanderbilt or George Law have no interest in this Troupe whatever. 50-tf

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WANTED.--A Good
STAGE MANAGER AND GENERAL PERFORMER,
for the Canterbury Hall and Theater, Baltimore. Letters address DICK O'NEIL. 49-tf

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CARLOTTA POZZONI.
THE BRILLIANT LYRIC ARTIST.
Managers wishing to engage this very successful Star for six or more nights, will please address CHAS. THOS. PARSLOE, Dramatic Agent, 566 Broadway, cor. Prince st., or J. A. POZZONI, P. O. Box 3417, St. Louis, Mo. 52-4t*

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GREAT ATTRACTIONS FOR MANAGERS.
CHARLEY SHAY'S QUINCUPLEXAL & CELESTIAL TROUPE,
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to the largest business on record, can be engaged by the
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by responsible managers, after the last of April. The company comprises
☞ TWENTY-ONE FIRST CLASS PERFORMERS, ☜
including the wonderful and only troupe of
REAL CHINESE JUGGLERS, SORCERERS,
AND KNIFE THROWERS IN THIS COUNTRY.
Also,
THE 1000 DOLLARS CHALLENGE DOGS,
THE EDUCATED TAN TERRIER, FANNY, AND THE COMIC DIMINUTIVE POODLE, CARRIE,
THE ACKNOWLEDGED PETS OF THE DOG CREATION.
THE QUINCUPLEXAL BRASS BAND, TEN IN NUMBER,
the finest Dresses, Apparatus, Newspaper Cuts, Lithographs, Posters and Pictorials, 8 sheets each, the
MOST ATTRACTIVE SHOW BILLS
in the United States.
NOTICE. THE CHINESE, THE EDUCATED DOGS, AND THE BRASS BAND,
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RETURNING TO THE NEW ENGLAND STATES
once more after a most brilliant and successful tour through the Lower and Upper Canadas, and the West
COMPETITION AND IMITATORS OUTDONE,
by the famous and gigantic
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BURLESQUE OPERA TROUPE, AND BRASS BAND,
the model troupe of the world, consisting of twenty-five unapproachable, brilliant
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admitted by the people and the press to be the leading, model organization of the world, far superior in every respect to all other travelling troupes in existence, the result of eleven years of experience, patronized by the fashion and elite of the entire continent.
THIS MAMMOTH CORPS
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will the present season visit the Canadas, the great west, New Foundland, the southern states, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, the West Indies, and the entire New England states,
COMMENCING THEIR ELEVENTH ANNUAL TOUR
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Manager...CHAS. H. DUPREZ | Musical Director....C. A. Boyd
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Leader Brass Band A. Bergeron | Agents..Sam. Pond & F. Adams
Introducing to our extensive patrons an entire
NEW, ORIGINAL PROGRAMME EACH EVENING. 48

VARIETY THEATRE,
Nos. 115 and 117 DEARBORN STREET, CHICAGO.
C. M. CHADWICK.....Proprietor.
G. H. BARTON.....Acting and Stage Manager.
The public and profession generally are respectfully informed that the
VARIETY THEATRE
is nightly the recipient of
CROWDED HOUSES,
always presenting
THE BEST STARS
in the profession, in connection with a
FIRST-CLASS STOCK COMPANY.
This is the only place of amusement of the kind
IN
THIS CITY.
Each evening will be presented an excellent and
ATTRACTIVE ENTERTAINMENT.
STARS
in every line of the Profession
liberally treated with.
N. B.—Parties writing to the
VARIETIES,
will please be particular in giving their address. 52

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First Class STARS treated with at all times. None others need apply. JAMES CONNER & CO., Agents,
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NEW CITY HALL,
PROVIDENCE, R. I.
Just erected, near Howard Hall,
ON THE FIRST FLOOR, WITH FOUR SEPARATE DOORS, on different streets,
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MISS JULIA DALY,
THE CELEBRATED AMERICAN COMIC ACTRESS,
will again resume her profession, and is prepared to negotiate with Managers of First-class Theatres for Star engagements of six, twelve, or more nights.
MISS DALY has several new and brilliant Comedies never performed in this country. Address
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TRENOR'S WASHINGTON HALL, cor. South 7th and 4th streets, Williamsburgh, is unquestionably the largest and best ventilated Hall on Long Island. It will seat 1200 persons. The Stage and Side Rooms are large; good Scenery, Foot-Lights, Reflectors, &c., &c. Respectable parties can secure it by the night, upon reasonable terms. 51-3m*

BONIFACE & NEWTON ALLIANCE,
MR. G. C. BONIFACE & MISS KATE NEWTON
are prepared to negotiate with managers for a limited number of nights for the Spring and Summer Season. Address
G. C. BONIFACE,
49-tf Care of J. W. Lingard, New Bowery Theatre, N. Y.

MANAGERS wishing to secure the services of the TALENTED AND POPULAR STAR,
MISS EMILY THORNE,
for the coming summer and fall season, will please address
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C. T. PARSLOE, Dramatic Agent,
566 Broadway,
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BILL POSTER, Pittsburgh, Pa.
JAMES THACKERAY, P. O. BOX 152.
The only party having his own boards, who contracts by the year for the principal corners and walls, and takes pride in referring, by permission, to Andy Springer, Duprez & Green, Wm. Henderson, Lake & Co., and the principal travelling exhibitions. [43-3m*

EVANSVILLE THEATRE,
EVANSVILLE, INDIANA.
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN OF ACKNOWLEDGED ABILITY DESIRING ENGAGEMENTS may apply as above.
All applications promptly answered.
45-3m* GOLDEN & PIERCE, Managers.

SKIFF & GAYLORD'S
MINSTRELS AND BRASS BAND,
GREAT EASTERN TROUPE,
are now making a successful tour through the WESTERN STATES, prior to their return east. The company is composed of some of the best talent in the country, who are well known in the Profession. LOOK IN AT US.
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McVICKER'S THEATRE,
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We are prepared to negotiate with Ladies and Gentlemen of ABILITY AND EXPERIENCE,
for next Season, commencing in August.
Name the Salary you want. Enclose no stamp, and consider silence a negative.
47-3m* McVICKER & MYERS.

MISS LOTTA,
COMEDIENNE.
Managers of First Class Theatres wishing to make Engagements with this young and popular STAR for six or more nights, will address JOHN A. CRABTREE,
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MISS JENNIE HIGHT,
THE RISING STAR OF THE WEST,
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WANTED.
ARTISTS
OF
ACKNOWLEDGED ABILITY
Can find permanent engagements by addressing
ROBERT W. BUTLER,
American Theatre,
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MILWAUKEE THEATRE, Wis.--The Academy of MUSIC WILL OPEN MONDAY, 1st OF MAY (six months season). Ladies and gentlemen of professional ability, and FIRST CLASS STARS, please address until about the 20th of April,
T. E. MILLS, Stage Manager,
43-3m* Broadway Theatre, New York City.

ROYCE HALL, Bloomington, Ill.--The undersigned having leased Royce Hall, will at all times be pleased to accommodate Concerts, Lecturers, Dancing Parties, etc. Application to be made at the Empire Store. Terms liberal. Piano in Hall. 49-3m* E. L. NASON.

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MORRIS & WILSON'S
OPERA HOUSE,
FIFTH STREET, ST. LOUIS, MO
MORRIS & WILSON'S
AMERICAN
OPERA TROUPE,
Consisting of
EIGHTEEN
TALENTED
PERFORMERS,
THE GREATEST
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COMPANY
EVER BROUGHT
TOGETHER
UNDER ONE
MANAGEMENT,
ORGANIZED
EXPRESSLY TO
DEVELOPE ITS
BEST RESOURCES.
EACH DEPARTMENT COMPLETE.
BEST
VOCALISTS,
MUSICIANS,
QUARTETTE,
DANCERS,
COMEDIANS, and
PANTOMIMISTS,
IN THE STATES.
THE
MAMMOTH
COMPANY
ARE NOW
ON A
SHORT
TOUR,
AND WILL OPEN
THEIR BEAUTIFUL
TEMPLE OF MINSTRELSY
On or about the
THIRD OF APRIL.
GENTLEMEN OF ACKNOWLEDGED ABILITY in the profession can secure
STAR ENGAGEMENTS
by addressing
CHAS. A. MORRIS and
FRED. WILSON,
46-3m Proprietors.

TONY PASTOR'S COMBINATION,
THE GREATEST CONCENTRATION
OF
ARTISTIC COMIC TALENT
ever known in the world of amusement, under the direction of
THE ORIGINAL AND ONLY
TONY PASTOR,
The unequalled
CLOWN, COMEDIAN AND COMIC VOCALIST,
will commence a short traveling season
ON WEDNESDAY, MARCH 22d,
prior to their opening in this city. 48-tf

SHOW BILLS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.
THEODORE DUTTON,
Begs to inform his old friends, Managers and the public generally, that he is now located at the
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Where he will give his personal attention to the production in any style, of all kinds of
PLAIN, COLORED, AND ILLUSTRATED SHOW BILLS
Particularly adapted for
TRAVELING EXHIBITIONS,
CIRCUSES, MENAGERIES,
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GYMNASTS, MAGICIANS,
TRACK CUTS OF ALL KINDS,
TROTTING TO HARNESS OR WAGON,
DOUBLE TEAMS OR RUNNING HORSES,
POLITICAL CLUBS.
T. D. trusts that his many years experience in the business, the very large assortment of Cuts at his command, any of which can be printed in one or more colors, the services of the best Designers and Engravers for new work, will secure to him a continuance of past favors and a trial by new patrons. 43-3m

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Directors.....FOX, CURRAN & NORRIS.
This magnificent Hall is now open with one of the best companies in the country. The entertainment given at this establishment embraces
GRAND BALLET, PANTOMIME,
GYMNASTICS, FARCES,
BURLESQUES,
ETHIOPIAN DELINEATIONS, and INSTRUMENTAL SOLOS.
The Management beg to inform the public and profession generally that the highest order of talent, and that which is of the most cultivated nature, meets with its due mead of appreciation at this house, the audiences being of the most refined class, giving an opportunity for those artists who have hitherto held themselves aloof from this branch of the business to embark in it with safety